

THE
L I F E *1657*
OF A
SATYRICAL
P V P P Y,
Called
N I M.
WHO
WORRIETH ALL THOSE
S A T Y R I S T S
HE KNOWES, AND
BARKES
AT THE REST.

K By **T. M.** (*Tho: May?*)

L O N D O N,

Printed by for *Humphrey Moseley*, at
the *Prince's Armes* in *St. Paul's*
Church-yard. 1657.



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THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE,

and most eminent

GEORGE

BUCKINGHAM, &c.

Great Sir,

The Expectation flattering my hopes,
shortned the way from London
hitherto: but now the Servants
slow aspects, & reserv'd behaviours,
might scare young modesty, from ventu-
ring to approach. Yet I excuse the small
address, they suffer to your noble per-
son, by saying, they know the worth of
it: therefore make it not cheap to every
Eye. And in supposing all Strangers
to be Sutors, they proclaim your abode
the very Seat, where all Justice doth
inhabit. Here I arrive empty of mer-
cenary Thoughts; for Duty hath pre-

fer'd me to such a strange ambition,
that I do even give unto your gracious
Majesty, and King his man, both
born to attend your Highships mirth. It
was made, transcrib'd, and bound up
yours, and I was so zealous in curiosi-
ty, that but this Copy (besides the Ori-
ginal) Next to my dear friends
(after perusal) urg'd me to this bold-
nesse, Nimb had known humility, who
never discov'ers the inside of them. Who
must stand in your Graces high, desired
happinesse, whilst every least proves
by interpretation serious, though he
nominates none. If in the least kind he
degenerate from my chaste intents, tear
it into a form more displeasing then your
Anger. All my present fate is, your
Grace would deigne to read it, which
when confirm'd by promise, I shall re-
turn to London, and publish my suc-
cesse. 1612

Your Graces humblest Servant
T. M.



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CHAP. XIV.

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Brokers Shop. No 113, 2



FINIS.



THE LIFE OF A
SATYRICAL

PUPPY; Called

N I M:

**WHO WORRIETH ALL
THOSE SATYRISTS HE
KNOWS, AND BARKS AT
THE REST.**

CHAP. I.

NIM after his Proem to the Reader, discovers the place of his Birth; and why the relation of his childish proceedings, is omitted.

IF by divulging my defects, I present in some particular thine, to thy remembrance; it will not onely recompense my labour in *Writing*, but thine in *Reading*. I make the whole World my Con-
B *lessor*

fessor : preferring a publique commiseration,
 before a private shrift. What I have done,
 I have done : nor shalt thou behold my Peni-
 tence, untill thine Eyes arrive to the end of
 our History. If thou findest my faults capital,
 seeke out my excuse in thine own guilt ; and
 then blush for us both. I intend to wrong no
 man but my selfe, as knowing where I may
 most presume of pardon : therefore extract
 no dangerous sense from any coorse, ambiguo-
 us phrase. If thy approbation cease on my
 advice, may all the labour I spent to revive
 my *griefs*, beget *mirth* and thy future ease.

First, to prevent all inquisitive expectati-
 on concerning my *Parentage*, I will relate it
 to you. My Father was a Gentleman by
 birth, though *Time* hath stolne away his Coate,
 and disguised him in *necessitie*. My Mother
 (subject to the same fortune) may pleade the
 like in her defence : lest *detraction* (advan-
 tag'd by laing hold on my behavior in the
 World) might wrong her Ancestors. He was
 never stak'd to a certaine place of residence :
 but went on *Pilgrimage* fourteen yeares to
 visit the Shrine of Saint Charity ; at last found
 it *wintring*, (or at least very cold) in *Hatbury*,
 three Miles distant from London.

The fat Miller there (a notable *Thiefe*)
 made him his *Tenant* : but he gul'd his own
Conscience with an *extasive Proverbe* (*falle-*

re fallentem non est fraus) & him of five yeares Rent, with running away. Leaving me (very young) as pawne to the Parish for that, and other borrowed Money, till *Fortune*, and his honesty, could procure my redemption. But as the *Miller* swore in a prophetique fury, (that will never be) so it hath prov'd: nor have I since so much as heard from him, or can devise whither he went. Therefore in revenge of such unnaturall dealing I will quite exempt the memory of him from our Story, and returne to the *Miller*: as I needs must, since *Necessity* is my *Guide*, and hath left me no where else to goe. His *Countenance* (poore Man) lowers in a most preposterous forme: for his Eies are *heavie*, which naturally require the *light*. His plump Cheekes (that were wont to be so immodest as to kisse his shoulders) resemble now *Famine* painted on a *clean* Trencher. His great *Belly* (that barr'd him the sight of both his knees) is growne invisible it selfe. All his discourse tends to the description of my Fathers dexterity in running away, which he admires with Curses.

There is a goodly Meddow joyning to his House, encompassed with a River: whose beauty in the *Summer*, did often invite my wantonnesse, to sport with *May-Flies*, dabble in the water, hunt my shadow: all which

exprest how truly senseless I was, that a *Com-
 pell'd Charity* from divers men, maintain'd my
being. If the sottish old Man mett me there,
 he would even *sindge* his *Beard* with a scorch-
 ing *sigh*, and quench the *Liquid flame* againe
 with *Teares*. Villaine (quoth he) Where is
 my *Rent*? a *plague* upon your Fathers *dexteri-
 ty*! his *London* debts, that were due to him
 on *whitsunday* was Twelve-moneth! his
Christmas-tales! his costly-*invitations*; my *Wife*,
 my two *Sonnes*, and my selfe to a butter'd
Parfnip, three poach't *Egges*, and a dride *Cu-
 cumber*. Goe from my sight, you Bastard:
 Mun you live so merry (with a pox) upon o-
 ther Mens costs? your greasie chops (thanks
 to my sinnes) doth cost me for my share, two
 pence a weeke. None of this could my young
 capacity apprehend; wherefore *Nature* did
 not only make *ignorance* worthy his *envie*, but
 a *defence* to me, and *offence* to him. It was not
 long after when *Fortune* exprest her smiles,
 in delivering me from thence: for on a *Tues-
 day* night, a Gentleman (hot and dry with
 hard riding) lighted at the Mill, proffer'd mo-
 ney for a *Cup of Beere*, and had it: I held his
 his Horse. The *Miller* (who greedily ex-
 pected some occasion, whereby he might
 proclaime his former losse, and present *Cha-
 rity*) accuses me of cheating Boyes at play,
 how I had just my Fathers *tricks* even by *suc-
 cession*,

cession, at last blurts out all. The Gentleman, marking my *sparkish* behaviour, and with what an *innocent resolution* I stood in defence of my Father, earnestly enquires after my name, which was no sooner told him, but he tooke me by the hand, & called me *Kinsman*: for he himself was a *Gloucester-shire* NIM, but whether there were any *propinquitie* of blood between us, I could never yet learne. Well, he was a wealthy old *Batchelor*, and my good *genius* did so farre collogue with his, that without entreaty he promist to discharge the Parish of my *Person* within a weeke: his *action* pursued his *promise* too, as fast as a good Horse could bring it to me, and me to him. Under whose charge I lived, till I was one and Twenty yeares old: where, and in what manner I omit to discover, it being (indeed) nothing pertinent to that *grave stiffe*, where-with I intend to line my Book. For what passages can such green yeares afford, worthy thy knowledge or my description? none at all: yet some have that way (heretofore) caught the approbation of learned *Readers*, when in another way, they have quite lost themselves. So great a difference is there between the *Times* past and ours: for *Fancy* (whose *Weakenesse* then foild off the defects of a bad writer) is now turned to a second *Zorlus*, and dulls the *edge* of her own *delight*, with

with absur'd *Carping*. So *singularly* excellent likewise is *naturall instinct*, admitting no *second* quality to passe approved under her expression. But howsoever each circumstance that my proceedings did beget after my *non-age* (impartiall of my *future* Fame, or the name of NIM) I will relate.

CHAP. II.

NIM Tells the Story of his Patrons Death, with other circumstances, worth reading.

THE World had not owned me full one and twenty years when my good Patron dyed; being old, & rich: but too well stored with *Kinsmen*; there were more NIMS besides my selfe. Wone *Boby* came post from *Gloucester*, & arriv'd at our House two dayes before the *Funeralls* were solemnized. A second *squint-eyed-Fop* of *Teuxbarie*, that could scarce perceive a *Mountaine* through a *Prospective* (Horr'd on his *covetuous* desires) arriv'd there, the *Funeral* day: not to mourn (heaven knows) but upon a certaine *Thysicall* advertisement, that *Gold* is *soveraigne* for the *Eie-sight*. My fortune proved worth a Hundred Pounds, which the good man left me by Will: in recompence of which, & all former courtesies, I
am

am pleased to extract him a second *life*, from the true relation of the manner of his *Death*.

He lay sick of a *burning Fever* a long time, his death being deferred more for the *Physicians* gain, than his *ease*, or probability of ever recovering: A *necessary* knavery in them, and *Lawyers*, to make men give money for paine and trouble. Five howres before his departure hence, he bad me write his *Will*. The disposing a thing of such consequence to the weak managing of our decayed senses, and last minutes, exprest in him that counterfit hope of longer life, which covetous men force from dead Hearts, and fix to oppose sense; most apparent in contradiction.

His sick *Groans* accompanying his words, argued (me-thought) with what an ill will he parted from those *gifts*, and how sorry he was, he could not make his soul *Executor*. A great minde he had to erect an *Almes-house* for decayed *Souldiers*: but a poore benefic'd *Parson* (who stood by) smothers in his owne *particular* want, the knowledg of that superfluous height which generally his *Tribe* live in, and strives by the force of *zealous phrase*, to make himself *disposer* of anothers *Charity*: pleading how much the building of a *Colledge*, with allowance for Twenty *Fellowes*, would encrease *Learning*, and memorize the noble *Given*. The *Physitian* (who till now sat silent on the Bed) speakes in approbation of the

the sick mans former intent, and maintaines with *lusty* Argument, how necessary it is, poore *Souldiers* that lose their *Limbs* abroad, in defence of their Country (returning not rich enough to buy *Woodden ones*) should be relieved, lest *necessity* arming them with an excuse; they conspire with forraigne Enemies to besiege *Ingratitude* at home. The Parson being cross'd, fell from *modest* discourse, to *impious* rayling, and mixing *serious absurdities*, with a *leaden witt* he bandies *Jests*: amongst the rest this one was noted, because he laught at it him selfe. Sir, (quoth he) be-like *Souldiers* want *Purses* for you to *purge*, & the Devill hath possesst you with an *imaginary* inconvenience that follows good deeds. You are grown wearie too of ministring *Physick* to poore Men *gratis*, your *Charity* is cold, and lacks a *wrought velvet Gowne* to warme it: or your *Worship* would ride a *Cock-horse*, and change *Foot-clothes* every Spring. No (replied the Physitian) *Custom* and *rugged War* is in the *Souldier* an *Antidote* that prevents the very effects of sicknesse: nor *Cannon*, nor *Sword* makes any worke for us: therefore if any man (in that kinde) be guilty of *Covetousnesse*, it is the *Chirurgion*, to whom address your accusation. Yet I most admire how you can apply *Pride* to us, for being a thing that becomes no man we seldome

weare

weare it : but (contrary to the Proverb) it becomes you worst, *though it be now in fashion with you*. Your chief Men, that should be fixt in a *Civill posture*, thereby to nourish comely *imitation*, have cast off ancient decency, and charme the eyes weake censure to an affectation of the *Italian* habit. Their *state* is more reserved then a *Princes*, or an old *French* Courtiers, who in his proudest *distance*, feares his worth too much undervalued. A *fortunate Petitioner* may (haply) with much obsequious phrase, recover from some under-*Chaplain* an Emperious Nod, and dance attendance but halfe an houre longer, *according to the last addition*. This made the *Parson* stronger in defiance: for all the company tooke his part, and inforc'd the *Doctor* to confesse it malicious detraction, which presently he did.

But now returne we to my sick *Patron*, who hearing his charitable motion begot such striffe, concludes *negatively* both waies: and presently after, lost the use of both his Eyes, denoting it with a piercing shriek, whilst we that were in the Chamber (amaz'd at so sudden an alteration) tire the Collick *Physitian*, with absur'd questions. The *blinde* man can see no more hope now of longer life in this world, no though the *Doctor* durst once more be so impious to make him *spectacles*

cles of covetous flattery, therefore he growes holy, prayes, and talkes of Heaven, which the *Parson* having by divine mercy fully assur'd him, he suddenly likewise lost his speech: some applying it to the Heavenly comfort he received, as it silence exprest it, to be above expression. Others, that (according to the *Batavian Philosophy*) hold the Soul dividuall in her selfe, and each member particularly to enjoy some particular part of her, would needs perswade me the *Tongue* dyed then, that the *Soule* of it might goe before to bespeake room for her *fellowes*. It was not long after when all his *Limbs* disclaimed motion, and he life: his estate unfurnisht with an *Execution*, by reason the time which he reserved to determine of one was too short, but the *Gloster Man* (being his Nephew) disinherited the other, whose hopes were strengthened by a promise the old Man made five yeares before his death; not by any home alliance, for he was no more then his *Cousin* thrice remoov'd. They which followed the *Coffin* to buriall, went wetshod in those affectionate *Teares*, which flow'd so abundantly from the young *Heires Eyes*. I never thinke on it, or on *Doting Lovers*, but I call *Nature* an Enemy to *Love*: who suffers it never to be exprest with apparent demonstration; but when it is exprest, unnecessary or hurtfull. I did a moneth after his
decease

decease (whilst his *memory* was *young*, *lusty*,
 & able to overcome *detraction* with *disproofe*)
 publish him to the World in an impartiall
 Character, but 'tis requisite I barr thee the
 sight of it, because (being lost) I cannot shew
 it: yet if a desire to encrease in *knowledge*,
 cause thee to think thy selfe *wrong'd*, be re-
 compens'd in reading this *Dialogue* between
Death and *me*.

N I M.

Death, what *crochet* came into thy minde,
 To strike my honest Patron blind
 Ere 'twas with him *perpetuall Night*?
 Come tell me, didst not thou suppose
 His Soul the way to Heaven would lose,
 By being thus depriv'd of sight?

D E A T H.

No, *Nim*, I brought it so to passe,
 Because that he a Coward was
 And had a very little Heart.
 Therefore (to finde it) did devise
 A way to pluck forth both his Eyes,
 And sticke them fast on this my Dart.

N I M.

Death, now thou dost him double wrong,
 For when *St Albons Bells* were wrung
 By great *Devills* in the Steeple,

He

*He Valianrly climes up the Stayrs,
Arm'd only with a Dozen Prayers,
which were heard by all the People.*

DEATH.

*Why true, but dost not thou know Man
The Tongue is Weapon to a Woman,
And sharper far then two-edg'd Swords
which maketh in all consequence
His Heart not strong, but his Defence,
If they Speake blowes that fight with
(Words.*

NIM.

*Goe, base Detraitor, doe not strive
To kill his Fame, keepe that alive
The reason why he prayed there,
Was that (being darke) the Devill
Might know him from an Infidell
And not for Pidgeon-LiVerd-Feare.*

DEATH.

*This stile of base will (thou shalt see)
Call back my purpos'd Lenitie
And be reveng'd on Brittanie
when e're long thy dead Muse must come
(Wasted on Teares) to Elysium,
where there is Sack, yet none for thee.*

*I, my Muse, and Country, care not a Far,
For thee, thy envy, or thy fatall Dart :*

*Nor thinke I any there Canary have
At least my Patron thought it not ; for he
Tooke his departure hence so heavily
That eight could hardly lift him to his
(Grave.*

Thou shalt never so much admire my *Cou-
rage*, as in this my conference with *Death* ; for
though he frights other Mens *Soules* from
their *Bodies* , yet canst thou pick from these
Verses no defect that doth expresse more
then a very little feare ; they went rather a
timorous pace then *smoothly* from my *Tongue* :
which I discover to nourish thy *Detraction* not
my *glory*.

CHAP. III.

NIM reports the conditions of his *Patrons*
Heire ; with the reason, and manner
of his departure from him.

A *Passionate, Man* is a *learned Beast* ; being
moov'd, nor *Man* nor *Beast* : for he wants
the sence of the one , and in some kinde the
unsensibilitie of the other. He takes the *quick-
est cure* for his *disease* of any ; for the next way
to end his life, is his only *Physick*. I cannot in
modesty

modesty avouch that my *Patrons* Heire did counterfeit his *Passion*, for to persist in the disease is their *rare* because it is their *Death*, & no man can counterfeit *Death* unlesse he will be buried alive. Besides to root in us a contrary opinion of him, we will only remember how his *Uncle* maintained him Ten yeares under his own Roofe, which *fatherly* Charity (proclaim'd *constant* likewise by *Time*, who is best able to judge of *constancy*) could not but beget a *superstitious* love, which still labours to requite with *prodigall-Gratitude*, yet is never weary nor spent.

When he was returned from the *Funerall*, and by the consent of the whole *Country* had taken possession of all, he gave charge his *Uncles Wardrobe* should be chested up, and kept as *Reliques*; only his *Gloves*, *Paints*, and *Garters* he bestowed upon the *Overseers*, and others whom his choyce pickt out, best to deserve their *worth*: conjuring each Man (for the deceased parties sake) never to part from them, whilst they (who before blest him in his *Uncles* name, stil mentioning the affinity of old acquaintance, in expectation of *Rings*) now curse his thrifty *Superstition*, divulging abroad how well his liberalitie hath requited their pains: though I blamed those poore gifts from him, as nothing but an old simplicity of *Love* that values things according to a selfe estimation,

tion. A strange dejected humour posselt him three Months, his actions were quite void of formality, his *domestick* affaires by himselfe neglected, & managed by men more officious then honest. Being advised by his friends to settle his *Estate*, he made answer he could not live long, therefore would busie his *Soule* only with *heavenly* meditations. How (quoth I) God forbid your Worship should disparage the successe of your new *Fortunes* with such fond surmises. *Nature* in you is so *lusty*, that it almost breakes the *Bonds* of *Continence*: full of *presuming* strength, challenging all sickly operations to a *defiance*, our youthfull blood, hardly to be ram'd with those examples w^{ch} *experience* doth demonstrate. I confesse (replied he) my immediate *Heir* cannot warrant his hopes either in my *yeares* or *complexion*, but I have a divining spirit which prompts me to superstitious observations, and breeds a confirmation *stronger* then thy opinion can remove. I answer'd, when our pensive thoughts doe still accompany our hearts, they are (like our *voyses* accompanying our *Maidens* *beats*) both lost together. His melancholy dull humour could apprehend nothing, but the next morning sent post to *London* for a *Stone-cutter*, who being come, was entertained as if he had feasted his content. They allotted the morning to consult of businesse, wherein my
advice

advice was equally accepted with the best, although the *Worke-mans* gaine furnisht them with fashions of more curious invention, *handsome*, in being *costly*; at last it was concluded two hundred pound should be bestowed upon a Marble *Tombe* to cover my *Patron*: the fashion of it 'tis impossible to relate, for patience would tyre her selfe in the description, being compos'd of nought but *quirks*, and various *whim-whams*.

Alteration appeares never more deformed, then when it appeares in *Tombs*, or *Churches*, where *Antiquity* shewes most *reverend*, most *sacred* and begets *Ceremonie*; *Cerimony*, *Superstition*: but who hath more cause to accept of our blame, then such as will not limit their expence, according to that *compudent Thrift*, exprest in ancient *Monuments*, but strive with a *zealous* prodigality to exceede all the waies, *modest Art* can invent to consume their Money. The *Stone-cutter* (like *Time*) went *swiftly* away from us, but *never* came back againe: for our *Heires* minde did change, differing the worke till the next Spring. He whose *costly* experience had too well acquainted him with such inconstant humors, laboured to prevent what he suspected by a sudden dispatch: but the message was delivered, before the stuff that should have bin sent to us was packt up: and gladly did the

Stone-

Stone-Cutter take a small satisfaction for what he had begun, as confident it would never be effected. *Premeditation* in this kind (quoth he) prevents *Action*. Charitable deeds should be bestow'd ere we can have leisure to examine why? Or on whom they are bestowed: Our *Natures* being prone to censure *fair Desert*, with *foul Detraction*, and esteem that which is not altogether necessary, *superfluous*: telling us likewise we should not commit *Evil* that *Good* may come of it; but *Toombs* consume the money of the Living, to preserve the Fame of the *Dead*. Therefore he that wil have a *House* for his *Memory* to dwell in, must build it himself, lest being *unhous'd*, it die for cold, and we starve for want of Custom.

This sudden change in our *Heirs* mind, did prognosticate a generall alteration, though his affairs were constant to the disposure of his Passion three Months: a time long enough to contradict the *Proverb* which saith, *Violent things, are never permanent*. He that did eat rather to satisfy those hungry *Worms*, that will batten by his Death, than *Nature* that maintains Life: whose *Soul* was in his *Mouth*, even ready to depart with the next *Sigh*, now makes a *Physition* his *Steward*, feeds by prescription, is more punctual to abstain from Meat, that is out of season, then a sick

Epitaph: and hopes he shall live till *Time*, may throw a Dart at *Death*. After his estate was settled, he took order to discharge the House of poor me: being mov'd to *antipathize* from his Uncle in so uncharitable a deed by my *presuming* insolence, that appear'd most commonly when I was drunk. Once my Tongue *reeld* so much, to say I had more interest in the House then he, which was too soon disprov'd by his thrusting me out of it. On that Morning prefixt for my departure, he brought into my Chamber the Hundred Pounds, left me by his Uncle, which being delivered me in a *legall* manner, he commends to my own *Vain-glorious* approbation, my *Ingenious* Countenance, *Comly* Person, and naturall wit: withall, told me my Schollership exprest both *costly* breeding, and *great* Industry; therefore I was strong enough to erect my own *Fortunes*: with a great deal of good Counsell, which I valew'd, as coming from one whose *Experience* seem'd younger then himself. There were few Tears shed between us at parting; neither did he bestow any thing on me more then what *Custom* holds necessary to maintain *Complement*, (a Cup of Beer) or *Complement* necessary to maintain *Friendship*: A promise of welcome when I shall call upon him riding that way. Well, horst I was, and well stor'd with money, having besides

besides my *Portion*, the worth of fourscore Pounds in *Jewels*, which my *wicked* providence (advantag'd by the Old Mans sickness) pocketted up, to withstand all *unfortunate* assaults. Thus the way enforcing my *Steed* and I, to take an *unmannerly* farewell (by making our *Asses* his opposite *Object*) we rod towards *London*.

CHAP. IV.

NIM, riding towards *London*, is overtaken by a *Citizen*, who tells him a merry Story; besides, their discourses, together with the fashion of their Host in *Mayden-head*, is in this Chapter most punctually related.

IT was a fair Morning, the way fairer, which pleas'd both me, and my Horse. All my Care I cast into that Pocket which contain'd my Money, as the *naturallest* Companion for it. My *Thoughts* seem'd to me heavier then my self, but not to my Horse, because I felt their burden; he mine. My conceit wander'd like a *Northern-Shepherds* Tongue, when (half drown'd in a *Wessail Bowl*) he tells the Sto-

ry of a Lad that went to seek his Fortunes. Three hours before I came to *Mayden-Head*, I was overtaken by a *London Citizen*, who rode like an *Admirer* of the skill of *Horsmanship*: or as if he were hearing a Story of one that kill'd himself by falling from his *Saddle*; with such a *Complementall-fear* did he embrace the *Horses Neck*: committing the protection of all his *Limmes* to several supporters, but his *Leggs* wholly to his *Stirrups*. Well overtaken, *Friend* (quoth he) good *High-way Rhetorique*! produc'd to maintain *Custom*, but chiefly to expresse him self not bred, though born a *Cockney*; or not his *Child*, that being to journey forth in *Rainy* weather, told his *Wife* he had a trick to prevent all *Clowdy inconvenience*, by riding under the *Pent-houses*, even from *London* to *Cambridge*. Some men doat so much upon their *expression*, that, though want of reading bar them a tale pertinent to the *Matter*, *Time*, and *Place*; yet will they *piece* discourse with an old story: The remembrance of which his *Grand-father* recover'd by the *Art* of *Memory*; but he assures it (by some handsom oath) to be lately done; laying his *Scene* afar off, lest he should betray himself, to an eminent disproof. Just such a one encounter'd with my conversation: who fed my *Ears* with relating, what I have here set down.

Two *Kentish* Gentlemen, Friends, and worthy of *Fortunes* envy, were both their ruines of her Conquest; exprest in their extreme impoverishment: which forc'd *Invention* to beget dishonest shifts. So much doth *Equivocating* Necessity ride in her Actions; basely preventing base living: amongst the rest, this one arrives to our knowledge.

A certain rich *Creditor* of theirs rode into *Oxford-shire*, about a Purchase he had lately bought: These *Gallants* (hearing of it) plotted now to enrich themselves by his return; at last agreed, that six of their Companions, should let upon him on the high-way; dissembling as if they intended not only to rob him of his Money, but also of his life: Whilst they two (appearing to ride that way by chance) fight stoutly in his defence, and obtain the Victory, by putting the rest to flight; not doubting, but this being carried too close for his discovery, might move him really to consider their counterfeited kindnesse, in a large requitall. He had no Kinsman on whom his love could bestow the keeping of his Purse-strings to a peculiar profit; which strengthened their hopes. Having by a diligent enquire got to know the time of his return, they all attended him under a Hill; three Miles distant from Town or Village. One of the Six serv'd as *Scout*, to prevent im-

pediments, both by discovering his coming, and the passing by of others. But the Coast was clear, and the *Sun* almost set, when they beheld their *Creditor*, walking down a Hill; singing of *Psalmes*, attended on only by wone Man, who seem'd furnish'd with two defensive Weapons; an old rusty Sword, and a liberall Hand: not to strike, but to give away his Purse, which was his politique device, to prevent robbing. Well, if he had valour in him, (he was afraid to shew it: besides it dwelt at least a furlong from his face; for the cowardly form of that could not but encourage an Enemy. The Six presently (upon a watch-word) assault them from behind a Hedge. *Stand, deliver your Purse* are words of no force here: the Master being old, weak, and unable to support his fear, fell down to complement with their mercy. The Servant (being lightned by flinging them his Purse) ran away: but they (lest he should have rais'd a hue-on-cry) brought him back again fast bound. Now pleads the old Man for his life; his *Prodigall* fear offering *Emperors* ransomes: whilst they seem to abandon all remorse, crying *blood, blood!* the Villain will reveal us, the Villain will reveal us. He swears by all oaths extant in his memory, he never will. But by this time his two *Champions* sallied forth, saying, what noise is that? keep

keep the Kings peace ho ! and calling him by his name, they cheere him up with comfortable words, and counterfeit blows, which were received by the supposed Thieves, with as little hurt as *Cowards* could wish for. The old Man (doubtfull of the successe) considering such an advantage on the adverse parties side; swore those Six Gentlemen, to be his *honest* Friends, and what they did, was but in jeast : thinking if the other two were overcome, this would save his life. But it was their Qu' now to fly, as vanquish'd by two opposers, which they did with exquisite dissimulation; carrying along with them Fiveteen Pounds. Our two Gallants are yet to receive the Fruit of their labours: The old Man having nought about him now to bestow upon them, but thanks, which they seem'd to receive in ample satisfaction; He earnestly enquires after his Man, whom they all *smelt* out presently, by reason of an *immodest* expression of Fear: offensive to their Noses, and his own Breeches. It prov'd something troublesome to unbind him, for every man imploy'd one of his Hands to stop his Nostrills withall. At last (with much adoe) they all became Horsemen again, and rode a pace towards the next Town: he being very desirous to send *hu-on-cry* after them for his Money, but by the force of premeditated rea-

sons he was perswaded to the contrary. They had scarce enter'd their *Inne*, but he relates unto a publique Auditory what hapned unto him, still interposing between his own danger, the Valour and kindnesse of those two Gentlemen, his *Debtors*. But they strengthen their well composed plot with reporting that he most valiantly behav'd himself before they could come to his rescue, *Flatterie* (that old sin) agrees best with *Age*, where *Folly* is grown out of her own knowledge, and oft mistakes her self for *wisdom*; the implication of the word, being lost, when apply'd to Men of full desert. It is a poor beggerly vice, yet still accompanies the rich. It is a Thiefe that steals away the *Heart* through the *Ear*, and for that *theft* hangs on it like a *Jewel* ever after. It works the *Soul* from a *compassant* giving to a *doating* prodigality; and hath caught this man too: who though his knowledge *blusht* in what it knew, and gave the *Lie* to his own forc'd belief; yet did he hugg a second *Youth* within him, and talkt of what he could do, setting aside great advantage: *non Hercules contra duos*. The next Morning they rode to his House; where *thanks*, and *welcomed* did no more appear *shap't* in words, but in little Baggs of Money, which were delivered with a courtlike entreaty of acceptance: he striving to prove, there was no

dis-

disparagement in the receipt of them. Their old Bonds likewise he freely restor'd saying, Since *Fortune* (who is *blind* to all mens deserts) could not see theirs, he was glad this occasion had given *Eies* to his Duty, that can direct him on whom he may still bestow, yet never impoverish himself. They had what they desir'd, and therefore pretended business which must needs occasion their departure from him. His humour is still constant to *extremitie* in kindnesse, and staies them to Dinner, where there was good *Cheer* and *Mirth*. But by and by one knocks at the Gate, whose entrance being licenc'd, he ask'd for the Master of the House; the Servants perceiv'd him to be drunk, therefore deny'd at first their Master was at home: Well, anon the old Man rises from Dinner to know his businesse. After a little complement between them, this drunken Gentleman discovers himself to be one of those Six men that robb'd him, and beggs his pardon for it, which being granted, he reveals likewise the whole drift of those two Champions, who are now his Guests. *Owles* (as they were) to trust a secret in a *Drunkards* Breast, whose love to the *tast* of Wine, sears his *Heart* upon his *Palat*, which being so near his Tongue, he cannot chuse but speak his *Thoughts*. He (poor man) was struck with a *fretfull* admiration; yet thought
it

it not a fit time to lowre now, being divers of his Friends were there at Dinner with them, who (unlesse they could, *digest* his Looks) would *stomach* his Meat in a displeasing Sense : therefore contriv'd a way to end all with merriment. Six of his Servants he commanded to robb the two Gentlemen in his *Parlour*, of what he had bestow'd upon them, counterfeiting likewise an intent to kil them: whilst he, and his *Shit-breech* Man, should come in (as it were by chance) and save their Lives. This was acted to the life, whilst my two Gallants, (being poopt of what they enjoy'd meerly to feel misery in the losse) departed the House, only furnisht with his pardon.

Such Tales as these banisht tedious Time, and pensive consideration, till wee arriv'd at *Meyden-head*, Twenty two Miles distant from London : where was an *Inne* preferd to my acceptance by my *Cyttizens* commendations, who knew the Servants Names, as well as if he had binne their *Godfather*, though the Howse never ownde his company but one Night : men of his Coate desiring much acquaintance, because they will lose by none. The money which I had about me, I conveyd under my Bed, and so to supper wee went. The Howse was full of Guests, which made our Host *limit* his Person, to a quarter of an
Hours

Houers tariance with each company. Every Room did but borrow him of one another, which shews (though no Mans Particular command had interest in his service, yet (he had least interest in himself. His Wife supplyd his absence to all Companyes, for he could doe nothing else but talke to them, and her Tongue was heard every where. She it is, whose Beauty clips the Wings of a Travellers swift desire, and begets the ease of his plodding Beast, for her Howse appears his Journeys end; but her Company multiplies the *Reckoning* above the reach of *Arithmetique*. The *Cittisen* had the discourse at Table, which consisted (for the most part) of the antiquitie of his Company: he being a woollen Draper. Sometimes he describ'd the humors of a deceased *Round-Cap*, his *quondam* Parishioner; which were all absurd; and nothing witty: yet he laugh'd at them heartily, and I at him. All his owne proceedings (in Eight yeares Prentiship) he related to me. How long he bore the *water-Tankard*, scrap'd Trenchers, and made cleane Shooes: discovering a selfe-admiration; that such mean Offices could bring him to the height which now he lives at. Next he reported how many Servants he keeps; upon what conditions he hath bought the lease of his Howse: how long his father, and himselfe have liv'd in that Parish

Parish, and what Offices they have undergonne, with divers other things impertinent to any Mans knowledge: not omitting to reveale (in a grave manner) how unworthy he was to be Constable, or *Church-warden*, would willingly have fined for it, but the Parish (forsooth) did more need his Advice, then Money. After Supper he express'd his libertie (in being from home) with a *distracted Mirth*, as if he were suddenly to recover so much of his Heart blood, as he hath sigh'd away, when penn'd within the Citty Walls, It is a certaine observation; They are the *civillest at home*, and rudest being abroad.

But now my Host and his Wile came both up to stay and talke with us. Surely he was the *very Mayden head* of his Mother, begot, his father being *asleep*, or but Practitioner in that art, as appeared by the *workmanship* of his face and Body, so *illfavoured* and *deformed* was he: Her shape proclaimed Nature *prodigal* of her riches, and *vain-glorious* of her *cunning*, so generally *handsom* was she; yet seem'd to doate upon his feature, 'tis wondrous strange, but Love is blind: which made my Muse (though dull'd with a grosse Supper) sing thus;

Let none hereafter dare to blame
The Gods, for making Cupid blind,

Left

*Lest his offence be plagu'd with shame,
 And all Mens hate, beseige his minde :
 For by this Conple wee doe plainly proove,
 That without blindnesse, there could be no love.*

Short and sweet, quoth my Poeticall-Cittisen, who beg'd them to shew his Wives Brother : a Councellors Clerke, but an excellent Poet beleeeve it. Our Hostesse fell fast asleepe, as she sat by the fire side : her Husband wak'd her with saying, she was always sleeping, or talking. This stir'd up a strange frivolous question : Why a Woman is more drowsie, and talkative then a Man ? I made answer thus, Because she was made of Adam's flesh when he was asleepe ; secondly she was made of his Rib, the Rib lies neere to the Heart, the Heart is Mayster of Thoughts, and thoughts beget words. This lik'd the Cittisen so well, that he desir'd to be farder acquainted with me, as afterwards he was ; though to his cost ; in what kind, thou shalt understand ere long : but now wee both went to Bed.

CHAP. V:

NIM *perseveres in relating what befell him in the Inne, rides from thence to London, acquaints you with a Feast, worth the laughing at; treats of the Citty.*

Cries, and promiseth graver stuffe hereafter.

M*orpheus* destroy these vigilant Carriers, these unquiet disturbers of rest, that bawling (like *Demy Cannons*) rent the Porches of my Eares. Were my Eielids cut off, I could not be wider awake then I am now, though it be just three a Clock: the purblind Night newly turn'd a *Bawd* to Letchery; the time when *Spirits*, *Ghosts*, and *Payries* visit *Toombs* and *Church-yards*, whose unsubstantiall shapes steals away our motion, scare our Reason from us. Yet durst I goe rownd about the World, unarm'd, with *Bedes*, or blest with *Crucifix*: weare my Soul within my Scabbard, my Life ti'd to my Heel, as carelesse of successe: with such an *angry val-lor*, was I inspir'd at that time, because depriv'd of sleepe. But by and by, the *modest Morne* blusht in the East: and the *Sunne* (to recompence those *Teares* shed by *weeping Plants*)

Plants) shew'd forth his Head : *gilding* the tops of lofty Trees, plac'd there by *unequall* Nature, to *intercept* that Comfort, which Shrubs lose by their *low-humilitie*. The *elevated* Larke leavs his dewy Bed to welcome him, and drops downe tir'de, by striving to clime higher, then his Voyce. I bad farwell to sleepe, and call'd up the *Chamberlaine*, who brought me word the Cittizen (being very sick) desir'd my company. To his Chamber I went, found him groaning in the Bed, encompast with Tokens of his Wives carefull Love; three *Night-Caps*, two *Waste-Coates*, a large *Tiffany* to keepe his Neck warme, two payre of *Italian-Drawers*, and a little *Downe-Cushion* : which being thrust into his Codpisse, makes his Breech (forsooth) unsensible of a hard *Saddle*, or a *trotting Horse*. His sighs kindled pittie in the Hostesse, whose *Experience* was his *Physitian*, and brought him a *Possiet*, cleerd with the juice of sundry Hearbs, which procurd him his health suddenly. So our *Reckoning* being pay'd we rod a modest pace towards *Branford*, from thence to *London* : where (after he had directed me to a handsome Lodging, and the place of his owne aboad) wee parted.

I had no friends in the Citty but my Gold, which I esteem'd so much, that I made it Bed-fellow to my Thoughts. Yet there
was

was a Merchant who hath sworne heretofore he lov'd me, but how? as Wise men love Money; for the use of it. Whilst my Patron liv'd, I could have done him a courtesies; but now the case was alter'd, and therefore his friendship *dead*. Neither did the place ever harbor any acquaintance of mine, besides him, but only one Man (a *Cambridge Scholler*) whom envious Death rooke from me at *Tyburne*; he was *brought* to that fatall end by a *Cart*, though indeed the main occasion was his unfortunate Lust. Let not the *Reader*, accuse me of tedious digression from our matter, if I relate the manner of it.

His violent Love seafd upon the Beauty of an *Inkeepers* Daughter, who was thirty yeares old, and a Mayde: her Chastitie being starv'd for want of *naturall* consideration: and her Fort vanquish't, by an *unboned Member* (the *Tongue*) for that, that is it, which charmes a Womans credulous minde to beleieve, what she dares not *fee*le, and feele because tis more delightfull then to *beleieve*: let it suffice, the Scholler often *knew* her in the *Hebrew* phrase. One Night amongst the rest, she (being inflam'd with a covetous love, futurly to owne his Person, and estate as a Wife) contriv'd a way how her father, and Mother might (as if by chance) come into the Chamber, and finde them in the midst of
immodest

immodest action, so afterwards enforce him to
 marry her. She could not carry the plot so
 close, but he perceav'd, her knocking with a
 Bedstaffe, was *Porter* to their entrance. From
 out the Bed he leaps (untam'd with his a-
 morous combat) fastens on his good Sword,
 which bravely he advances in defiance. Her
devided Spirits being sent abroad, severally
 to withstand *Fear*, and *Shame*, she creeps
 betweene the Sheets, and winks: a true
 Coward! whose senselesse Imagination com-
 mits the protection of his whole Body to his
 Eye-lids, and bullwarks it with closing them,
 as though he can *feele* nothing but what he
sees. The Mother (running forth to cry for
 helpe) is intercepted, by intercepting the
 Doore. The father strives with a loynt-knole
 to beate him thence, which he by meere
 strength tooke from him, but with loosing
 the forepart of his Shirt, the losse of which
 got under his subjection the old Woman
 who blushing to behold his *manhood*, ranne
 (as frighted) behind the Bed, whilst he *im-*
modestly (though for *modestys* sake) turn'd his
 Breech towards them, and fought back-
 ward. The scuffle grew now hot, and lowdes
 therefore he (fearing it might wake the Ser-
 vants) swore if he once more turn'd his face,
 he would kill them all, which made them
 quieter. His Doublet, and Stockings being
 D needest

neereſt his reach, were put on ; in two How-
 ers ſpace, not ſooner ; becauſe his right Hand
 was wholly imploy'd to manage his Sword :
 laſt the father (advantaged by any thing)
 might recover the Doore. The Mother came
 backwards to deliver him his Breeches, and
 ſo by chance ſtumbled over a Stool ; her Huſ-
 bands Eyes look'd red as fire, ſome thought
 with anger, but ſure I think they *bluſh* to
 behold that, which made him put out the
 Candle. The darke bred feare in all, but
 eſpecially in my nee'd Scholler, who hear-
 ing the Servants rayf'd by the Womans cry,
 and not able to find his Breeches, ranne
 downe the Stayres without them; then climes
 over the back Gate into a narrow Lane,
 where after he had awhile accompany'd the
 Northerne Winde, a Drunkard (paſſing that
 way) reel'd full upon him, and falling fell
 faſt aſleepe upon the Ground, whiſt he de-
 priv'd him of his Breeches : but by reaſon of
 too much fearfull haſte, and want of light,
 wore them, as he pul'd them off, with the
 Linings outward. O Wine ! good for none
 but the fiery Zwitter, who loves to have his
 face, richer then his Purſe ; thou that riſeſt
 in operation, and makes this Drunkard happy
 by depriving him of ſenſe, for though his
 bare Breech kiſſ'd the cold ſtones, he ſlept
 ſoundly : whiſt our Scholler (walking
 though

through the neighbour Street) is taken by a Warch. The parlous Constable (spying how unhandson he was drest) suspected him guilty of some bawdy businesse, and laughing sufficiently at him, sent him to the Counter. But one Corrow treads upon the Heel of another (so swift are they in pursuit, when once running to us) the way to the Counter is through that Lane where the Drunkard was, who by this time had recovered his senses, and walk'd shivering up and down, in search of his Breeches. The Watch-men spying his white Shirt) stood still, supposing him to be a Ghost. The Schoiler perceiv'd his theft would be discover'd; yet was loath to run away, because loath to be taken by another Watch; he lik'd this so ill. One of his Guardians (being fortify'd with an old charm) marches crosse-legg'd, spitting three times East-South-west: and afterwards prefers his valler to a Catechising office. In the name of God (quoth he) what art thou? whence dost thou come? what makest thou here? he answered, he was not himself half an Hour ago, but now he is a Man as others are; of Gods making; only some Villain had stoln away his Breeches. My acquaintance was found to be that Villain; his Buttock's once more disrob'd, his secret parts too apparantly discover'd: And in that

manner both were carried to the *Counter*.

But now let us return to what occasion'd the relation of this *Jest*. After he was deliver'd thence, upon promise to marry his Whore, he met her Father riding towards *Windsor*: and being inflam'd with the remembrance of this disgrace, kill'd him upon the High-way, for which fact, *Tiburn* depriv'd me of him.

Thus destitute of any Friend, to whom I might commit the keeping of my Money, I bought me a strong *Trunk*, and therein enclos'd it. My Lodging was in *Chancery-Lane*, my *Land-Lord*, an old Atturney, who by frequent walking to and fro, about Law-businesse, knew the form of every Stone, which pav'd the Ground, between that place, and *Westminster-Hall*. I observ'd nothing that Day worth relation, unlesse it were the *City-Cries*: I mean, how every one hath got a differing *pronunciation*, from intelligible English. Either they have worn out the parts, wherein those Syllables are particularly moulded, by a continual usage (considering they speak in any other kind plain enough) or else many of their words, (progressing through their Noses) are drown'd in that flood which cold purges from the *Brain*. I ask'd an *Oyster-wench* once, what it was she cry'd? She bad me look into her *Basket*. Why (quoth I) can I find
your

your words there ? Yes, she answer'd, *really*
shap'd too: Did not our Wares speak for them-
 selves, little would be gotten by them; for
 we cannot foil them off with trim Language,
 which my Ears witnessing, I must needs be-
 lieve. But leave we these *hearts*, these super-
 ficiall expressions of a full Brain. A *Comick-
 Fancy* wrinst in Sparkling Claret, or wrapt in
 the Leaves of *April* Violets, could not wan-
 der in alacreative Sence; more then I do now.
 I tell thee Reader, I will be grave, I vow I
 will: and shortly write things worthy thy
 serious observation. In the mean time let me
 commend to thy reading, this *Dream*, born the
 first Night I lay in *London*.

CHAP. 3.

CHAP.

CHAP. VI.

NIM most wittily reveales his admirable
 Dream, turnes Satyrift, and omits not the
 relation of those reason which in-
 duc'd him to it.

The Description of a Grove.

MY sleepey imagination carried me into a
 melancholy Grove, whose courteous
 Trees by embracing one another, imprison'd
 the Western Wind; whilst the sweetness of
 the place made it in love with bondage; for
 passing through those Boughs, adorn'd with
 close whispering Leaves, it sigh'd at liberty.
 The Birds (cag'd in Thickets) sung sadly.
 The mournful Grass alwaies wept for the ab-
 sence of the Sun, and with a morallizing
 Countenance, seem'd to exclaim against those
 tall-Trees; which like great ones in a Com-
 mon-wealth, deprive the lesse of comfort by
 combining in their mischief. In this Grove I
 met an aged Pilgrim, whose body being tir'd
 with H. ly jaunts, his wandring-zeal tam'd
 with Superstitious Lamentation; liv'd there,
 impounded in a narrow Circuit. His lookes
 were as serious as his talke; his Beard knew
 little of the Barbers skill, but grew like his

Ex-

Experience, me thought longer then his *Age*.
 Hee brought me to a Cave, whose sweet
 Mouth water'd at a Crystal Spring, which
 ran close by it: and call'd to us from thence,
 one whose Tongue spoke him a Scholar.
 His Garments seem'd only fashionable, in be-
 ing quite out of Fashion. His Armes, and
 Thighs were folded in the Leafs of old *Ma-
 nuscripts*: a parlous necessary (though cold hu-
 mor in him) to dissuade nakednesse from be-
 ing sensible of the Northern Wind. After ma-
 ny denotations of a troubled Spirit, he charm'd
 attention with this Speech.

The Scholars Speech.

Farewel Philosophy; and that prying know-
 ledge, which, discovering *Natures* secrets,
 makes a modest apprehension blush, wraps
 wonder it self in a strong amazement, and
 fooths the *Atheist* in his damn'd belief; who
 termes the *Souls Immortality* a Childish super-
 stition, and forg'd by politique States-men, to
 suppress *Vice* in the Common-wealth, which
 otherwaies would ruine *Government*. Fare-
 well, *Astronomy*; an Art that best becomes the
 labour of a School-Boys weak Capacity: for e-
 very Fool can find his *fatall Star* without a
Perspective, and feel it though fixt a Thousand
 Leagues above his reach. Or what is he than
 only looking on a *Comet*, cannot prophesie

a *Ryng* ? since his own *Guilt* doth prompt
 him. Farewell *Physick*; thou that circumvent-
 est *Death*, and with comfortable Herbes pre-
 ventest *Autumn* in Man, by a perpetual *Spring*.
 Farewel that *thriving* Spirit; which with the
 height of Knowledge makes *Experience* seem
 an *Ass*; deep Policy, shallow *Surmises*.
 Farewel *Rhetorique*; and that *smooth phrase*
 which makes the *Courtier* appear a disguised
Saint, which screws up *Fancy* to a belief re-
 pugnant unto *Sense*, and works the silly *Au-*
ditor to delight in his own undoing. Farewel
Poetry; thou trim *Composer* of *disjuncted* *Sense*;
 thou that with *handsom Ornament* dost cloath
 a *Lie* in a *true* shape: Thou that ravishest the
Mechanicks mind, to his delight, not torture;
 for though a dull apprehension bar at first
 thy pleasing entrance, yet he loves thee for
 it ever after. Farewel that *sweet inspir'd* rap-
 sody which cue's fluent expression into per-
 fect sense: which in descriptions really de-
 scribes, corrects *Nature*, and makes it seem
 more *natural*. O farewell! for thy *Lawrel*, on-
 ly flourisheth on the *dry* Heads of those, who
 can but lamely imitate, and withers on moist
 diviner *Browes*. Farewel in general the *Scho-*
lers trade, since what to others is a *comfort*,
 is to him a *Torment*; for he is tir'd with *Hope*,
 and tam'd by *Ignorance*: *Ignorance*! She that
 is only fortunate in ambition, yet fix'd on
 high,

high, esteemed lesse in the Eies of those, that with admiration gaze below.

Here the *Pilgrim* (being loth to let his *sick, overborn* patience, serve as bridle to his Tongue) commands a silence, which he obey'd by, streight returning into the Cave. O how he weign'd each word to the very *posse* of Accenting. *Cicero* either *whip* thy Tongue, or hereafter let thy Ghost be *deaf* to thy disparagement. Had my Ears been long enough to have reach'd him in the Cave, I had kill'd the *Proverb* in *contradiction*, grac'd what an *Ass* wears to the contempt of all, and made his name worthy any Mans acceptance.

The Souldiers Speech after this his description.

Soon after him buffels forth the *ruines* of a lusty Man : one that strove to *tire* Misfortune with a *counterfeit* contempt of it, little blest with outward *Habiliments* ; for his *ambitious* Stockins did *dislocate* his Doublet, and serv'd instead of Sleeves : whilst the Elbows made *Casements* of necessity and peep'd out. Scarce had he any one Limb sufficiently cloathed to keep *warm* the Spectators Eies. His Skin was *pinckt* quite over with thrusts, *fearfully stohn* by the Rapiers point of some opposing *Coward*. His Face (*carv'd* by the *pattern* of his mind) was rough, and seem'd secondly begot by the *careful* gain of a bungling Sur-

Surgeon, The carriage of his Body exprest him a *Travailer*, as if he had got the *theorique* of all Country postures, and lost the *pratique* of his owne. He spoke as if his Tongue (late-ly come from farr) had brought good utter-ance home, for these were his words.

His Speech.

Farewell lustly-warr! thou that with bloody Justice, dost bravely arbitrate, 'tween *Prin-ces* rights, and *Souldiers* Valors: farewell un-hullmark'd Resolution! thou carelesse sparke, whose father was a *Roman*: thou that exalts each Nerve to an ambitious height, lifting the Body up to over-reach Danger: farewell that bewitching Winter which the sprightfull Drum, tunnells through our Eares into our flesh, when our Bloods freeze, and our Gorges heave at Peace, when wee esteeme Life be-low esteeme, when the longe Pike (that barrs closing with the Enemy) seems an impediment to true Valor, and the Sword, within the Scabbard, looks like Glory hid: farwell the lowde Trumpet with whose voyce, rewording Ecchoes scelde, whose cheerfull harmony makes the wanton Heart dance in a Breast be-fiedg'd with Swords: farvell the shrill Fisse, which droovnds in the Covvards Eare Terror, compos'd of dying Groanes, and hideous shrieks: farwell the glorious Troope of
comely

comely Horse! in whom *Pride* (as fitting none but Beasts) sits handsomer then in the Riders lookes! farwell the bawling Cannon (Deaths bloody Executioner) from whose wide mouth Destruction (roundly shap'd) wraps it selfe in a Case of disturbed Ayre, dismembers lofty Steeples, parts away aspiring Pinnacles, and steales at once a whole Ranke of Mortals: farwell learned Strategems! deepe Circumvention! wholesome Pollicey! and sound composing of dangerous Inductions: farwell Death! thou that begetst the Souldiers life; who on-ly breaths in honor: farwell, life! thou that begetst the Souldiers Death: who now lives smother'd in disgrace.

After he had thus talk'd awhile (bodying each word with active emphasis) he return'd also into the Cave, being indeed interrupted by the hasty presence of one; whose griefe burst from forth his Eyes, because so long barr'd of passage through his mouth. He was of person well shap'd, and proper: resembling the decay'd remnant of a noble Stock. His Countenance (somewhat wither'd with infectious Griefe) caus'd him to looke like the very contempt of Happinesse: as if he out-liv'd his owne desire, was made an experiment by his cruell Fate, to try within a Haires breadth the sufferance of a Man: or had binne wrack'd to confesse the strength of Misery,
and

and now warranted by *Experience*, what before he did deny in happy *Ignorance*. He wore his Apparell (as he wore his Life) quite out of Fashion, and took his farwell thus.

The Speech of a decayed Gentleman.

Farwell all those *nice* points of Honour, which in the observing makes *Reputation* but a *Trouble*: farwell that hereditary respect borrow'd from the merits of our Ancesters: by which wee enrich their fame, and impoverish our owne: farwell *Gratitude*: thou care of anoble Heart, that by *Requitall* makes thy selfe a *Begger*: that if thou knowest to paye thy thanks with the successe of a free Guift, but with the kind disposition of the Giver: farwell *Temperance*! thou physicall preserver of naturall blessings, thou strengthner of those instinctive faculties, which belong to each particular Sense: thou that canst best (with palpable demonstrations) distinguish *Man* from *Beasts*: farwell *Hospitalitie*: thou thrifty *Prodigall*, and *ancientest* Herald to proclaime us *Gentlemen*: farwell that handsome, decent *Courtesie*, which makes the *Vulgar* promise of having *Lives*, for our commands to tread upon: farwell *Decorum*; and that sweet premeditating judgment, which crownes *Action* with a blest conclusion: farwell *Friendship*! thou covetous engrosser of all Earthly Comforts!

forts! thou that (with *honest* equivocation)
 includ'st two Men in one, *ming* together
 their very heart strings in a *true love knot*:
 tempering their minds, as if they had mould-
 ed one another, in their wishes. Their
 winged industry (begot by mutuell exchange
 of care) makes the conclusion of a weighty
 businesse, come to *prevent* expectacie: is ne-
 ver tir'd, but stak'd in officious motion, and
 constant to variety of comforts, O! Farewell,
 Farewell *Patience*: that Rose-lipp'd *Cheru-*
bine, who heretofore was beautious, as the
Infant morne in the East, when *Sol* doth
 paint her; but now she is ugly, old, and Hag-
 like withered, for unnaturall wrongs have so
 infected her.

The description of a forsaken Virgin.

Here concluding with a sigh, he returnes
 also from whence he came, leaving his roome
 supply'd by a creature purposely made to
 please curiosity in a *detracting* lovers Eie.
 I tell thee Reader she was the *preiest little*
Thiefe, that ever wanton Imagination hugg'd
 to defile; so farre above description, that if I
 durst attempt it, I should leave (unreach'd)
 just so much Argument, as might serve
Marots Muse to compose a fit *Mistresse*, for his
Husband. Griefe in her seem'd a handsome
Passion; nothing did ill become her but her
 Fortune.

Fortune, I cannot say the Garments which
 she wore were coorse and *base*, because her
 beauty needed no *baseness* to soyle it off: nei-
 ther is it possible *Fate* could be so hard-hear-
 ted, as to apparell her in want: No? that
 were a thought most lame in reason; for
 though her Gowne was made of *home-spun*
stuffe, I am sure she wore *Golden Hayre* & wept
Pearles: how! did she weepe? I must not say
 so, lest thou weepe to think on it, but never
 so handsomely as she did. If the grey Hypo-
 crite (whose ycares speaks him olde, and ex-
 act in a *disguis'd* behaviour) had but lookt on
 her, he would have sworne the *Politician*
 studies only to *undermine* himselfe: for *naked*-
Innocence grew on her face in such a *pleasing*
 shape, that Sinners (who before were mari-
 ed to their Guilt) plead repentance, and
 proffer love to it. She never knew Man, with
 a knowledge more *dishonest* then what har-
 bours in her Eies, only by sight: yet some
Arch-Rogue, some *damn'd Lover*, (choak'd
 with too much happinesse) hath done her
 wrong: whose errand now she will deliver
 to the World, I mary will she, and that
 sounndly too. *Sorrow* ere while sat on her
 Tongue, like *bad expression*, and her Words
 were *quarter'd* in the utterance: but now
 she'll brooke no more, her *Tiptest* is *unpin'd*
 stands up (like a *Beacon*) to foretell a *Warr* of
 words.

words, she must *scolde*, which she did thus; but
otherways then thus she could not *scolde*.

Her Speech.

Farwell the *Virgins* peace, *true Content*;
and all those ravishing effects which harm-
lesse thoughts beget: when our dull *Spirits*
are tickled with a frozen Joy: when the flash
of *Lightning* cannot *sindge* our Souls: nor
the noyse of Thunder fix us to a *fearfull* ad-
mirati^{on}, ay me farwell. And farwell *Love*!
thou unnaturall Thiefe, that requit'st obse-
quious passion, with stealing the motives of
those comforts: O hatefull *Love*! improper
word, that dost imply a double sence, the
good to shadow 'ore the bad: thou that toy'st
only to be weary, and consum'st more content,
than eminent hopes can give satisfaction for.
Farwell *Faith* in men! who never had any
strong enough, to keep unbroken their
weake words: subtile, wicked Men, who dis-
guising falshood in big Oaths, sooth our *fand*
credulitie, to a pittisfull consent. Such a one
rob'd me of my Heart, and return'd it to
make my Guilt exceed his: for no offence
deserves punishment so much, as to *receave*,
or live by, what was stolne. His name beares
such a *sympathy* with Sorrow, that falling
from my Lips, my Teares would *drowne* it.
farwell my well tun'd Voyce! which made
my

my Tongue a *Pillory*; for more Eares were
naild to it, then offences could *condemne*:
 which Made the *Nightingall* blush when we
 have sung together; for Men would tell her!
she had lost her Mayden-head: farwell my *Lute*,
 whose strings are now as dumb as *Silence*,
 and shall never more be pegd to rob the
Auditor of wonder: farwell all happinesse,
 for the *Time* now, is married to my *Fortune*,
 and begets more woes, then my poore *estate* of
Patience is able to maintain.

Her last vword lost half its accent, she be-
 ing interrupted by a little *Dove*, who with an
 accustom'd tripping familiarity, assur'd her
 harmlesse *Fancy* to go aside, and sport vvith
 it: So *light* in alteration is *leaden* Sorrow,
 when dwelling in a Heart not guilty of its
 Birth, Though the *Pilgrims* hot desires vvere
 mortified by Age; and his couragious Blood
 tam'd by a reserv'd diet; yet he seem'd to be-
 moan her vvith an *amorous* Pitty: vvvas about
 particularly to acquaint me vvith the rank,
 and conditions of all his Captives, likewise
 howv they came thither: But I vvaking, de-
 priv'd him of further labour, my self of
 trouble.

This *Dream* needed no help from *Egypt*
 to expound it, for the *Time* (vvith reall ex-
 amples) serv'd as *Interpreter*. My Brains and
 Heart met in consultation a vvhole Week
 before

before they could advise me vvhhat course of life to take: at last I resolv'd to turn *Satyrift*: being induc'd to that holy calling by these four reasons. The first was, a Divine inspiration, which my *Young turbulent* zeal extracted from the *Dream*. Secondly, because the State at that time felt alteration; and divers great ones (plac'd before as *high* as Fortune her self could *reach*) sat then on her foot-stool, *humbled* below *vulgar* respect. Thirdly, I being yet to choose acquaintance, strove rather to have my wit prefer me to the better sort at first, than that necessity should furnish me with such, whom afterwards I would scorn to acknowledge; the World alwaies censuring a Man by the fashion and demeanor of his Companions. Fourthly, my Purse was then sufficiently stor'd with Money: an Argument that might easily perswade the World, I wrote to defend *Vertue*, not my own *Poverty*: As for those qualities which compose a perfect *Satyrift*, I had enough to proclaim *Nature* Prodigal, and *Art* is soon attain'd by industry. I travell'd far in History, and knew the World by report, as well as if my *pains* had been a Tutor to my *Knowledge*. How I proceeded afterwards, thou maist partly understand by reading the next Chapter.

CHAP. VII:

NIM being drunk, goes to hire a Servant in Paul's, and after a sober description of the Church, and Walkers, recounts how strangely he was supply'd with one.

CONsideration had so much dull'd my Spirits, and black'd my Blood, that I resolv'd one Morning to drown it in a Cup of Sack. To the Tavern I went, but being incredulous of those commendations which the Drawer sold with his Wine, and covetous to arbitrate judiciously; I tasted it with my Brains: For though it be more natural, the Palat should give judgement in this kind yet their verdict is prefer'd in Capital controversies, and therefore set so light by this when I say *light*, you may take it in a contrary sense, as if my Leggs were unable to support my weight; Unable to support my weight? Very well Goodman Nim! Goodman Fop! Goodman Doggs-Nose! now my sneaking modesty creeps from the matter, and minces it with ambiguous phrase? Is it not time to leave this? ha? well, howsoever Reader do thou suppose I was drunk, starke drunk

but not with Wine? rather with Liquor distilled from a Womans Brains, and mingled with juice, squees'd from a melancholy Hearts for so *variable*, and *unproportion'd* were my humours. To beat the Drawer, cut off the Heels from my shoo's, were only *Peccadilloes* (as the *Italian* saies) *Pigmy-faults* : but I forsooth (distasting the House attendance) must in all post haste go hire a Servant; a Fellow of some Soul ! whose service must not meerly consist in the strength of his Lims, but in the apprehensive quality of his Brains. Where to get such a one suddenly, I could not tell, unlesse in *Paul's* ; which Church easily to passe over is impossible, 'tis so high : therefore something we will say of it. Only let us refrain to expresse with a *pittifull-description* the ruines of *Time*, because for the most part they are plac'd above our reach : even on the top of the *Steeple*. *St. Gregories* being compar'd to it, looks like a Church, whose charge of building was at the benevolence of a poor *Usurer* ; or dedicated to some undeserving *Saint*, who meant to shew his *humility* in the acceptance. The use of those walks within, I do more pitty, then admire their spacious state : For wouldst thou know where the young *Wards* undoing is contriv'd? go thither, thou shalt perceive his *Guardian* newly enter'd, puffing with haste, and sweating

ing by an unaccustom'd labour he hath taken, to be there half an hour before his politique Companions: a space fiz'd out to advantage his old judgement, to prevent with *promeditation* all countermines: His Conscience presenting to his guilty fear a punishment, before the Sin be quite committed. Wouldst thou know where the *Usurer*, and his *Scriener* consult to cheat the young *Heir* of Mortgage'd Land? Why there too: and are as easily distinguish'd from other Men by their walking, as from one another by their Garments. The *Usurer* (hating the charge of a fashionable Hat, or all costly care to preserve his *wither'd* Beauty) wears his high-Crown'd, according to the old *ambitious* form: with narrow Brims, lest it might bar his *covetous* Face, the reflection of the Sun's golden Beams. His long Cloke, Bumbas-Doubler, and Trunk Hose are thread-bare: only observe his left Thumb, Gloves, and Poley ever sticking in his Girdle: which is a Custom *graver* then his Beard. He moves in *bawdy* pace, much like a diseased *French* Man up a Hill: his weak Leggs being unable to support his old Carcase: How! can a *Usurer* live till he be old? Yes, because his Soul is not worthy the Devils acceptance. The *Scriener* is more formal in his Apparel: his whole credit (indeed) depending on a comely outside. Near them, behold

beholde two *leane-Gallants* composing of a
 chear, One with his Nilles digs fresh in-
 ductions from his busie Head: the other
 (twirling his *Band-strings*) findes there a way
 to tie all up with a strong conclusion. Not
 far off likewise walks another, whose conti-
 nuall diversity of Garments, proclaimes him
 descended from the *Man-in-the-Moone*, that
 changes outside every Month. He wears a
 long *Scabbard* with a *Hilt* in it, but never a
Blade, for that was break in striving for the
 Wall, and the Money which should buy an
 other, spent to reconcile himselfe to his Ad-
 versary: for they fell out of purpose to drink
 together, not like *Dutch Men*, who drink to
 fall out. Another in an melancholy trance,
 marches with his Eies fastned to the
 Ground: whilst his imagination wanders,
 like my Pen from the matter to which I must
 now returne.

Just when I was reading Papers pasted on
 the South Gate, a lusty young fellow (who
 perceav'd that I was drunke) pulls me by the
 Cloke, desiring some privar conference with
 me: my *knowledge* never saw his face before,
 nor could his businesse come within the reach
 of my suppose. Wel, I walk'd with him
 some halfe a score turnes. *Time* and *discourse*
 he spent in inquiring where I was bred?
 what Gentlemen of note I knew in *Gloster-*
shire?

shire ; I told him of divers , whose names
 seem'd better acquainted with his *Eares*, then
 their Persons with his *Eies*: withall ask'd what
 urg'd in him this earnest examination ? faith
 Sir (quoth he) no harme, but I desire you to
 give me a Crowne for a privat reason to my
 selfe. No thanks heartily quoth I : your
privat reason appeares to me a *publique* cause
 (*want*) which though poorely worne by o-
 thers, seems in you a phantasticall *Cloak* , to
 hide, vvhat you cannot shevv. This could not
 suffice him ; the *Rogue* purs'd his Brovves in
 a *siornefull* forme , laught (as it vv ere) at my
 foolish thrift : and vvith *active* vvords, subtilly
 compos'd , persvaded me, it vv as a thing
 vvonderfull necessarie , or consequent in
hidden sence, his desires should be accom-
 plisht. Come , come (quoth he) give it me ,
 pish-give it me I say : vvhy thou fool ! thou
 Enemy to thy ovvne good fortunes ! fling it
 quickly , or I'le not stay to receave it. My
 drunken Braines could not apprehend this
new impudence : the money I strait vvays
 threvv him ; he as nimbly convayd it into his
 Pocket : and marching forvvard hurls his
 Head over his left Shoulder, gives me this re-
 vvard. Be rich, be happy, I say be happy ; for
 thou vvert borne (young Man) in a happy
 Hour-farevvell, These words strengthened
 those surmises in me, vvhom vvine had
 made

made vveake. My suppositions concerning his qualitie vv ere diuers, and kill'd one another in contradiction : but at last *memory* seald on that *Philosopher's* opinion, vvho held, every Mans *Good Genius* offers his service to him, once before he be *Thirty* yeares old : yet is generally refus'd by that feare, vv hich spiritual Shapes beget, vvhen our understanding is scar'd from us. Now my imagination undervalue'd desert so much as to think this my *Good Genius* in the shape of a *Beggar*. I had three reasons vv hich vvrought me to this conjecture, and may likewise induce thee to believe it an accidentall truth. First I vv as *drunke*, a *strong one*, extracted from my *irrationable-weaknesse* : for vve are aptest to credit impossible things, vvhen the Soule *consideration* is drovn'd : vv hich should *dialogue* with the Heart, before vve conclude to approve of any thing. Secondly the rawnesse of my *Youth* : vv hich doth most palpably excuse my imbecillitie in distinguishing *Truth* from *falsehood*, vvhen you call to mind hovv he disguis'd both, in a subtile unknowvne shape. Thirdly my *beautifull Face* vvrap't me in such a vain-glorious estimation of my Merits ; that I thought *Fortune* could not be too kinde, nor I covetous : for *Beauty* in a Man begets only a *selfe-dotage*, his imagination being his flattering Glasse : vvhere he *beholdes* vvhat he can never finde (that is) something to attract

amorous-amazement from the Spectators Eies: but indeed t'is no *beauty*, in being *beauty*, t'is --- I vvot not vvhat: a superfluous ornament vvhich vvanton Mayds doe envy more than love: vvhich vvise Vvomen scorne as a thing more inconstant then their humors, and lesse becoming. But novv to our purpose.

I was devising with a *fearfull* doubt, and *Hopefull* amazement what to say: at last ask'd, whether Heaven had sent him thus disguis'd, to proffer me his service? the *Rascall* (as I understood afterwards) was newly discarded by his Master, and glad of any Mans entertainment: therefore told me (if I pleas'd) he would serve me with all his Heart, little suspecting what I meant: but suppos'd so much of my Language, which appear'd improper in his apprehension, to proceed from superfluous draughts. Well homewards I reel'd, ravisht with possessing a certaine kind of I knew not what: but still glanc'd back mine Eie, expecting when my *Good-Genius* would transforme into a *celestiall* shape: though he (a plague on him) was constant in the forme of a *Roguish* face, and chang'd only in behavior: for enough I had of such observance as belongsto a new Master. The Wvinde had enter'd my Pate, as soone as I my Lodging: so that I was faine to goe to Bed, where I fell presently fast asleepe.

He

He boldly call'd for a Payre of cleane Sheets,
 and Trukled under me : never attempting to
 pick my Pockets : though *wickednesse* was ad-
 vantag'd with an occasion so provocative.
 About Midnight I wak'd and hearing one
 snort at my Beds feete, was stricken silent
 with a *fearfull* admiration. My *Thoughts* ex-
 amin'd my Heart concerning the last Days
 actions : my Heart summon'd the assistance
 of my *Memory* : so that I recover'd by peece-
 meale the knowledge of what befell me in
Paul's : how my *Good Genius* brought me to
 my Lodging : who must (by all present con-
 sequents) be he that now disturbs my Ears :
 which when perus'd with *feber* cogitation,
 seem'd both strange, and ridiculous. I con-
 sum'd three Howers in tedious suspence, un-
 till (stepping from betweene the Sheets) the
 Sunne Beames usherd my person within his
 reach : where I beheld an *illfavour'd* face,
 adorn'd by a *fashionable* Beard. My Hand
 (troubled with the *Cowards-Pallsey*) I thrust
 towards him, to try whether I could *feele*
 what I *saw* ; in fine, found him a *substantiall*
Spirit, a *human-Genius* : so return'd to consi-
 der of it on my Pillow. At Six a Clock he
 rose, and after some obsequious diligence in
 the way of service, deliver'd to my *inquisi-*
tive mind what thou hast read : whilst I find-
 ing him indu'd with a notable shifiting wit,

Good

stood to a drunken bargain: his name was Oliver Bunge.

CHAP. VIII.

NIM acquaints you with his first proceedings, in his Satyricall calling; and in-weighs against three Men, who publickely professe themselves to be of the same vocation.

Nothing can be so acceptable to a judicious Capacity, as naturall expression; that is, to body out of matter with imaginary substance, to write (as it were) by inspiration, to make real what Art but counterfeits, and with forc'd rapsody labours only to discover her imperfections. I strove to be, (what others could but seem) a perfect Satyrist. Cynical diet sower'd my disposition, bitter'd all my thoughts, by eating passage for my Gout, to overflow my Heart: and Custom settled my mind in affection of that, which before seem'd unnatural to it. A Satyrist hates only what he envies: 'twas formall in me to hate, and consequent in sense to envy: but whom to envy (unlesse those great ones which

which I did fear to hate *satyrically*) I knew
 not: therefore went by degrees to learn, what
 I was soon able to teach. Publick Walks,
 and *Theaters* I often haunted: for there *Phan-*
tasy might feed to surfeit: but on what? on
Envy; which made me leaner then a *Spanish*
Chandler. Gaudy rich Apparell cloth'd my
 young *Thoughts*, and after two Months space,
 I could curle *Fortune* as handsomly as a *beg-*
garly Souldier in his *drink*: survey my worth
 (in comparifon of some rich Gallants) with
vain-glorious partiality, gnaw my neather Lip
 at him, pittty my own poor Fate with an an-
 gry *Passion*: sometimes *tire* Melancholy with
 impossible suppositions; and in a serious
Trance, study how to dispose of those reve-
 news which belong to my *imaginary* Empire:
 wherein I am more liberal then *drunken* Pro-
 digality: hurling (as it were) a Million, to-
 gether with a courteous Nod, to him I n'ere
 convers'd withall but once; or else erect
 new *Castles* in the Air, and strengthen their
 foundation with half an Hours perdurance
 longer then the former (that is) to give them
 life just till *Dinner* time: but then *Hunger*
 brought me to our Parlour-Table; where,
 when I beheld nothing but *solid* Beef, and
 tough Brawn (meer *antipathies* to those vari-
 ous services which would be equivalent with
 the state of an *Emperour*) I could not but
 (humbling

(humbling my self) remember there was no such matter: and so fall into a second *Melancholly*, though lesse pleasing then the other.

Those whom I first rail'd at, were Men of my own calling (*Satyrist*) a new device, therefore likely to be approv'd of in this new World: wherein old waies are scorn'd; because *accustomary*: though in the golden time, *Custom* enjoy'd more able strength then *Law*, was upheld by *Superstition*, and might commend it self without vain-glory. The chief motive that invited me to write against them, was their *ignorant* disgracing of our profession. Three flourish'd with vulgar approbation in my time: each of them publishing divers *Satyr*s: including stuffe, not worthy to be worn by our memory, unlesse in derision. The first (who claims precedencie by previvation) strove to excuse his absurd writing, by publishing a worse fault (*he was no Scholler*): O impertinent discovery of what did most palpably discover it self! what *ridling* Physick didst thou minister to thy *Fames* health? for though the *confession* of thy deficiency, lessen thy first defect in *Catholique* absolution; yet thou hast joynd a greater to it. Who but an *Emperick* would diminish in his *Patient* the torment of one Grief, by aggravating the Souls languishment with a second disease?

disease? O thou Fool! thou Duncer! I fret as zealous of my calling, but never pity thee, unlesse when I consider that *Pity* yields no remedy.

The second foyld off *coorse* phrase, and *rugged* Rime, with a sawcy impudence: his ambitious Pen (made surely of an *Eagles* Quill) *soar'd* to reach the actions of great States-Men. *Cynicall* behaviour, and practising the rough, unfashionable rudiments of a Souldiers life, made him appear in our *Plebeians* apprehension (whose dull *guessing* judgments can only censure by the outside) the thing which he had not wit enough to be. A *Cur* that barked like a *Cur*: unsensible, what motiv'd his *unsensible* Language: not able to expresse his weak faculties, but in that high *Satyrical* strain, which did misbecome it most: for he would be *dumb* two years, untill the untimely fall of some new born Family rais'd up his voice to kill quite their dying Fame. Cowardly Executioner! that durst but destroy those whose offences do *condemne*, and the State *disarm* to suffer. But leave we thee too.

The Third is lesse *witty*, but more ambitious in preferring his factious Spirit, to the eminent observation of our durty rabble: and by their encouragement, rears up his *laden* Muse to reach, what *eliseda* weight might keep below

below a proper Patronage. His Childish *Poems*, and Mungrell *Satyrs* are his own *Chronicle*, and too much commend him; which as it is the *cheapest* Flattery, so 'tis the *worst*. Many think he labour'd by it, to prevent the Readers labour; but I think it an *unnecessary* care. Sometimes *Fortune* lends his dull apprehension *Eies*, to see his imperfections: occasioning her *blindnesse* as her punishment; and him a bad chance to succeed the *pretence* of a good *omen*, by beholding that defective which he cannot mend; no not excuse, unlesse in proclaiming to the World his *Youth*: an old trick, yet in *fashion* still with him. If thou hast read his *Satyr*; which though proudly dedicated, is so poor in matter, so basely obsequious for a *resolute* offence; thou might'st perceive how his *strong* weaknesse insults over a self-conquest; how he asks too much pardon for that fault, which he doth not confesse himself guilty of, or else dares not. Sometimes he doth promiscuously admire in himself a supernatural gift: saying, 'Tis wonder'd how my youth so much corruption can disclose. O presuming confidence, and confident vain-glory! as if ought (worth admiration) could proceed from disclosing that, which is not hid from vulgar knowledge? besides a *squint-Eied* Man may sooner discern *blindnesse* in another, then cure his own *imperfections*: yet this

this young inspir'd *Satyrift* (who is only skilful in the knowledge of what insects knowledge) doth catch the approbation of divers Gallants: but what are they ? *Souldiers of the Time*, bigg Thigh'd *Puffs*, stronger in words then *action*, in *Limbs* then *Judgement*, in whom *admiration* is *commendation*, and *Ignorance* Father to the first: who apprehend meerly the Authors labour, on a Subject which might expresse wit, but cannot *distinguish* any.

CHAP.

CHAP. IX.

NIM doth in particular exclaim against all those Satyrists who hide themselves, yet publish their writings: shews Reasons for so doing: with a trick, that he hath bob's privately; delivers a briske superficiall Character of the Hollanders, and relates in what manner he spent part of his time in London, when attended on, by his man Bunge.

NOW though these Three did in publique present themselves to our discovery; yet know we can disclose those Men too, that murmur in obscure Corners: who are fearful even of speaking softly; therefore proclaim to others a dumb silence in their own ~~words~~ who whisper with their Pens, and darkly bring their thoughts to light in Hieroglyphicall words, personating Men in the natures of Beasts, whose names (literally or allegorically) doth sympathize with theirs, whom they aime at. Some of them I hated, because their

their Works (not so commonly extant as
 mine) took from the worth of mine; yet ad-
 ded not to their Fame: by reason they were
 loath to acknowledge those Bastards, which
 their Muse begot. Other some I could, not
 hate, but pittie: because they hated them-
 selves with sufficient demonstration in pub-
 lishing their own folly: apply my meaning
 when thy labour is ill required; by reading
 those Verses which so bitterly invegh'd a-
 gainst our King, his royall Pastimes, and most
 judicious disposure of his favour: but if a
 modest reverence (due to that sacred Ma-
 jestie) musse thy Eies from beholding such un-
 naturall blasphemy; yet strive to encourage
 thy revenge, by reading those foppish-ragged
 Lines; which some *Iron-witted School-Boy*,
 some *Leaden-Sould-Puppy* bark'd against him,
 whose compleat worth, and full desert, pre-
 fer'd him to be his *Favourite*, that is still con-
 stant in his politique choice. Or if thou wilt
 not tempt thy patience to such a dangerous
 experiment, peruse the sense of that hypo-
 criticall *Satyr*, which by way of prayer for
 the preservation of his Sovereigns five senses,
 most falsly accusd every one, of a preposterous
 defect. Or if thy duty also be *in love*, and
 that love, *blind* to all such Fame-murdering
 Libells: vouchsafe then to read the humble
 Petition of that *ingenious Gentleman*! that

parlous wit! who to exceed in a new device;
 deliver'd it Queen Elizabeths Toomb, and
 answer'd it himselfe: a necessary satisfaction,
 an unnecessary request; for he that talks to the
 dumb, must reply to his own speech: besides
 it was more probable that the Stones would
 laugh, then speake: for though Elizabeths
 being there should infuse a contrary passion,
 yet his Jeast must needs make a Stone laugh;
 according to the *Italian Proverb*.

Well, henceforth be all your Lips fowde
 up, burie your words (compol'd of such un-
 wholesome Breath) in your owne hollow
 Breasts, least they infect others. Let your
 Pens no more betray your thoughts: Nor
 do you by *mimick* lookes, ambiguous action
 with the Head, or politique gesture of the
 Body, seeme *neutrally* inclinde in your o-
 pinion concerning dangerous demaunds: for
 this *Hypocrisie* makes a Man a *Stranger* to his
 owne designs, like *Time*; ruins where it se-
 teth; and is only good in that it rewards the
 user with destruction. Besides if your owne
 particular weake cannot perswade you to
 silence, yet let Charitie cause you to remem-
 ber, the generall good of our Profession: and
 how you have lessend that estimation which
 the World held us in, by a Cowardly prefer-
 vation of your owne safeties; by a feare to
 discover your selves Authors of what private

ly you publiſh: but 'tis known, a Sargyſt ſhould
 utter Action with more boldneſſe, than Reſo-
 lution can beget, when danger murders Feare.
 Impudence in a ſhriv'd-Bawde doth not ſo con-
 fidently truſt to the helpe of equivocation, as
 he to the vallor of a factious Spirit. Holy-
 zeale, and a care of his Country, are thoſe
 pretences wherewith he ſhould gull his owne
 Conſcience, and ſtrengthen his pure fame
 throughout the world: but your faint Cou-
 rage argues Guilt, which you ſeeme privately
 to confeſſe, as fearfull of a publique puniſh-
 ment: whiſt wee that are valiant, oppoſe
 our ſelves to ſuffer, what you craftily avoyd.
 Therefore I conjure you once more (by the
 paine of my correction) to be dumb hereaf-
 ter; take heed: but eſpecially mutter not a-
 gainſt him, whoſe fame is bullwark'd with
 my Soule, whoſe defence is my reputation:
 which I ſtrive to preſerve (unmaim'd) more
 for the love I owe his ſafety, then my owne
 Glory. Beſides your Envy, which when faſtned
 on others, ſhews pale and leane, will then an-
 tomize it ſelfe, and appeare more deform'd,
 then your baſe diſhoneſty. But ſtay my deere
 Muſe do not in purſuit of an Enemy, runne
 thy ſelfe quite out of breath: or with the
 Celeftiall heat of true affection ſacrifice at
 once thy ſelfe to a friends acceptance. There
 is one more yet, eminent in thy Maſters hate,

whom I discover for thy Conquest. Courage my Darling for thou must fly to *Holland*, where he lives that dulls our profit; with sending hither little *Pamphlets*: which are *new-years-gaists*; for all those turbulent Heads, who pry into the old yeares actions in hope of alteration. The Books are little worth; unlesse value'd by the *Stationer*, who makes the Peoples fond estimation his game: and in that doth us a courtesie, for though *comming from farr*, make them more pleasing to ignorant fancy, yet it makes them displeasing to the Purse: which being a thing neerer their love, and tie'd with their very Heart-strings, cannot but prefer our *cheape Bookes* to the third degree of *Comparison*. Some account them learned, but it is in *accusation* not in *commendation*: for Schollers (who have not long practis'd the *Practique* part of what they study) are naturally enclind to a *prodigall* utterance of such deepe knowledge, as *unprofitable Memory* doth intrude into the company of *Matter*, which would expresse more *Skill*, with lesse *Art*. It is a *learned* imperfection like - I wot not what to call it: but they do *stifle* their meaning, by striving with a multitude of *Sentences* to give it life: & thinking they can never make use of al which they have read, expresse their *Schollership* with as much *impertinencie*, as want of

Ignorance

Ignorance with palpabilitie. Besides though his sawcy treatises of our State, and Government are approv'd of by those, that are faine to make Report a Tutor to their knowledge, that are meerly States-men by reading his Bookes. Yet others who get Experience in their high Offices, and abilitie to distinguish by their sound learning, finde him unable to frame an *Idea*, of what he strives really to compose much lesse correct that, which *Ignorance* makes him dislike.

But returne wee now from *Holland*, least the grosse dull Ayre infect our Braines, the Boores our manners: so that we forget all the formall complement belonging to a new Book. They are a Nation that swimme in their owne profitable sweat: that have found out what sweet successe depends on *Sudden-Industry*, therefore tire themselves with *careless* Labour, securely to take rest. Their fashions are most uncivill, for did not a legall punishment curb their naturall disposition, they would demonstrate more *Atheisticall* behaviour, then religious feare. They never fight but under the Banner of *Bacchus*, who having safely throwed their *Imagination* in a Mote of *English Beer*, they can be desperate not valiant. To call them *Traitors* were with blunt phrase to conclude rashly, what others with *equivocting Arguments* have tediously disputed on, but

but never absolutely agreed in arbitration ; or rather poorely to requite that sawcy Language , which they utter against his sacred Person , whom with *love*, and *duty* I equally adore. Their Government is a *compof'd-confuſion* of new Policy. Some think it an *Oligarchie* , ſome a *Democracie* , ſome between both. But ſure I am the Peoples Hearts *rebell* to attaine the firſt ; though the *ambition* of rich Merchants *labours* for the ſecond , and *compells* them to live between both. I only grieve that our Gentlemen , *Younger Brothers* (who by comming a year lag of ſome nimble *Pop* into the World, come to ſoone to inherit Sorrow) ſhould lie *Perdu* in ſafeguard of ſuch *Pedants* , for three Shillings a Weeke : O *per-nurſious* Neceſſitie ! and *neceſſarie* Thrift ! Who can *Maintaine* a Soul with ſo poore a ſtend, for the love too of ſuch ingratefull Monſters, that peece up their pay with publique contempt , and privat ſcoffs. I vow by the Spirit of a *Nim* , I had rather ceaſe to exiſt. But I muſt come now to that , from which I have wander'd.

Full ſeven Months did I labour by invective Songs to diſſect from the Body of my calling, unprofitable Members : ſuch who were meerly ſhapes of uneffectuall uſe, thereby thinking to enter into a publique Controverſie , with ſome one eminent in vulgar eſtimation,

estimation, and too weake in faculties to
 withstand my opposition: which had bin a
 choise way to have made my selfe famous
 in the World, and particularly in all Mens no-
 tice: for he that discommends others, seemes
 to commend him selfe by a *dumb-comparison*:
 and *selfe-commendations* the World will prie
 into, in expectation of some supernaturall
 guift, that may excuse such *immodest Vaine-*
glory. The publisher of my Writings was
 my unfortunate Rogue *Bunge*, who presented
 them to his old Masters, as stolne from me;
 now whether they (unable to apprehend *con-*
sciences) neglected to divulge them abroad, or
 else (being divulg'd) None whom I challen-
 ged, durst take exceptions; as fearfull to in-
 vite more Anger, I know not: but sure I am
 they prov'd to me of no effect. One merry
 accident (occasioned by these proceedings) I
 will not omit thy knowledge.

F 3

CHAP.

CHAP. IX.

NIM being desirous to make thee laugh,
 doth in this Chapter report a notable
 merry accident, which befell his
 man Oliver Bunge.

A Certain young Gentlewoman (enriched
 with a copious Portion by her dis-
 ceased Fathers Will) grew carnally acquaint-
 ed with a wealthy Ward: one that did not
 long enjoy her to himself, because he was not
 alwaies sufficiently provided to please her
 insatiable Appetite: for 'tis with Maids as
 with Tobaccoists, who Having once tasted
 in delight, what before with Pain they did a-
 void, they cannot live without it: which made
 her stray for fresh pasture. At last her Fancy
 lighted on a Drummer, whose name was Peel:
 a Fellow limm'd for prodigality in action: made
 to people Countries, to beget more Men, then
 the Plague devours. Her greedy Passion could
 not attend upon formality, or tedious Time,
 till Occasion might present her with an acci-
 dent that would excuse her immodesty, in dis-
 covering such dishonest Love: but boldly she
 sends for him to her Fathers House, where
 first she saw him (in the company of a Ser-
 ving

ving-man) and unfolds to him her mind,
 which he admir'd, and lik'd: so that the next
 Morning he stole her from her Friends,
 brought her to *London*, and married her. The
Ward hears of it, pursues them thither; and
 by a politique inquisition found out their
 Lodging. Of late time she had made his foo-
 lish dotage her mirth, wherefore now he en-
 tends she shall be served with the like Sawce:
 purposing to send her a Copy of Verses,
 wherein he would bitterly deride, her & *Peel*
 the *Drummer*. Of these Verses I became Au-
 thor by this chance.

Bunge passing through *Fleet-Street* about
 my businesse, met with an old Master of his,
 who accompany'd the *Ward*, and hath here-
 tofore been visited with my Papers. After a
 little talk between them he acquainted him
 with what thou hast read, desir'd him that
 he would procure me to write some Verses
 upon that subject, and bring them to the
Wards lodging before night. *Bunge* presently
 return'd home to tell me the Plot, on which
 I wrote thus,

Whore, wonder not I write to thee
 In Verses like some lyrick Poet:

'Tis 'cause thou hast rejected me.

For thinkst thou that I do know it?

But

But know, I know that thou art come;
To know Peel's Drum-stick, be thy
Drum.

(2)

Perhaps thy Folly may admire
(Since heretofore my bashfull mind
Did make me dumb) how I aspire,
So soon to Thunder in this kind;

But know, I know that my great wrong
Would make him speak that had no
Tongue.

(3)

With fierce Alarums you intend
To summon every Sense to come
Before this bawdy Night shall end
Trembling full faint about thy drum;
As how? I know not, but in this
They guesse aright, that guesse araisse.

(4)

Peel will suppose thy skin is tough
And his Stick too weak to break at
Unless his blow be too too rough,
As gladly so thou wouldst bespeak it.
But (alas) 'tis plaid upon, and worn
By three Drum-sticks besides my own.

(5)

No ill Plagues are hot in house, & field,
Till all men die, at thou accord
with

With him; to venture for a Child,
 Cause whores Issues are so abhor'd
 That 'twere not fit the Brat should meet
 A Swadling Clout, but Winding-
 Sheet.

(6)

Give Peel the Lie, thou mangy Drab,
 Not that I deign with him to fight,
 But 'cause the Lie deserves the Stab,
 Which to receive is thy delight.

Now wonder not I sing so hoarse what thou hast
 ready,

For, where, thou knowst that thou hast had my
 Maiden-head.

These being fairly written; Bunge con-
 vey'd unto the young Wards Lodging, who
 was privately inform'd, that the Drummer,
 and his Wife knew of his being in Town,
 therefore (to avoid his company) chang'd
 their abode: but whither went they? even
 into Turnball-Street: just the politique shift
 of a poor Souldier, whose necessity is so well
 accommodated, with convenient assistance, to
 raise him to the height of a good Fortune,
 that he often falls in climbing, but so low, as he
 can never reach it again. The House was pol-
 luted with a bawdy Tenant: whose acquaint-
 ance my Drummer bought dearly on a Satur-
 day Night: reeling into the Door with a con-
 fort

fort of base Companions. His love-sick
 Wife was easily perswaded to believe the
Rand his Mothers own Sister: and the place
 very convenient to conceal this stoln Marri-
 age. Now those who before enform'd the
Ward of their first lodging, dogg'd them also to
 this, and presently brought him word, in
 what a stately Palace the poor *Drummer* en-
 tertain'd her. Out of a *politique* prodigallitie
 he gave *Bunge* three Pounds for the Verses:
 thinking to buy a *gratitude* so potent in him,
 that he should suppose no second service full
 in requitall, no though he ventured a beat-
 ing by it. So whilst the Gentleman (*Bungs*
 old Master) entertain'd him with impertient
 discourse, the *Ward* enclos'd the Verses in an
 other Paper, which he seal'd and superscrib'd
 in the true name of his *quondam* Mistresse,
 lodging at the Sign of *Sun and Moon* in *Turn-
 ball-Street*: knowing, though *Bunge* had heard
 of the name of *Peel*, yet with hers he was
 wholly unacquainted: besides to prevent all
 motives of suspition, he gave it him in pri-
 vate, saying, we are all mortall, Flesh and
 Blood; Young men must be tamed when they
 are lusty. I am now sick of too much health, but
 that superscription wil direct thee to a shee
Galen, one that will purge the Body of all
 rampant humours: wholsom she is, though
 poor. My own Man is a Country-Cockney, ne-

nor came within the smell of a City, never
 saw the Cities Face; much lesse the *secret*
parts of it, therefore is unfit to be employ'd
 in this businesse. Now if thou wilt go, and
 bring her to me, by the virtue of that Letter,
 I shall exceed in a gratuity: but make-haste
 back, for you must presently also assist us in
 the delivery of our Verses. The Rogue *Bunge*
 suspected nothing, but did *impudently* steal a
modest laughter: turn'd aside, not as if he were
 ashamed of what he heard, but of what he
 was about to speak: Quoth he (as though *lost*
in complement) O Lord Sir! you shall not need
 to take care for that necessarie implement:
 I'll provide one against Night; but not out of
Turnball-Street: that place cannot afford a
 Creature worthy your Worships embraces.
 The *Ward* was glad that he insisted in
 strengthening a mistake, thank'd him for his
 kindnesse, and said he would use none but
 her: he knew she was wholesome, but many
 of your brave, glorious *Whores* are like *Teda-*
la Quinces; the fairer on the outside, the
 rotner within. *Bunge* being greedy of sudden
 imployment, took his leave, well satisfied
 with that reply.

He was no sooner come within the reach
 of their Tongues, who border in that hot
 Continent: but every one (as their fashion is)
 lured him into their Kennell, there to coole
 him

him according to a *Philosophicall* rule, *Heat* repells *Hu*. The *Sunne* attracts not *Cloudes* faster then these *Whores* Passengers: in vvhom *Beauty* drawes *corruption* to defile it selfe. *Bunge* needed not enquire for the signe of the *Sunne* and *Moone*, because the properties of both (*heate* and *inconstancie*) did possesse a *Wench*, which stood in the same *Doore*: and thinking that he was some *starved* Customer, enticed him to enter: whilst his *Eies* looking on the signe; found it expedient her request should be accomplished.

After two *Oathes* sworne in defiance of her *secret* parts, and three *Busses* given in satisfaction for such *harsh* unkindnesse; he enquires for that *Gentlewoman*, to whom his *Letter* was directed. The *Whore* being wholly imperfect in the knowledge of her *Name*, did expresse (by a forgetfull admiration, or an *inquisitive* forgetfullnesse) small acquaintance; and that very young to: wherefore *Bunge* thought the *Gentlewoman* to be a *wanton* Country *Wench*, but not yet of residence long enough to know the *French-disease*: a rare ignorance! which made his *Appetite* resolve to taste her, before him, that sent him to her. Up *Staires* he mounted, and the *Wench* led him through a *Labyrinth* of *darke* *Glosses*: which the *Workman* seem'd *subtilly* to hide from his owne discovery: or
from

from every Eye, as ashamed to acknowledge the making of such sinfull Cabinets; where aged. Beds oppose each other in curious Ictuation. Having (I say) passed this *small* Purgatory, she directed him to a Chamber; wherein he entered, and found the *Drum* *mer*, and his Lasse *warming* the Fire. Beleeve it Reader, even so: for though the Fire would not warme them, they sat by it to keepe away the Winde, or to enclose the heate to a narrow dispersion, that so it might reflect upon it selfe. Though 'tis a question whether there were any Fire at all? for *Bunge* fvvore he could not *discerne* enough to warme his Eyes. Which makes me think she was enflamed with *burning* Love, that for his sake could be content of such *cold* entertainment.

Bunge liked her face well, but supposed the *Drum* *mer* to be some learned *Pander*; that sat expounding to her, the mystery of that calling. When he step'd in, they both stood up (an usuall complement at the first sight of Strangers) and gazeing upon one another with *speaking* Eyes; did (as it were) *dumbly* aske, whether he vvore knowne to either? vvhilst he took her aside and kiss'd her. The *Drum* *mer* did not like that, yet durst not expresse anger, lest a Quarrell might call up the *Bawde*, and Whores; so consequently, his Wife discover the conditions of the House,

who

who was yet ignorant of them. But this his sufferance did turne *Bunge's* likely conjecture (that she was a Country Whore) into a strong belicfe : for now he conwayes her with an *intreated* force, and the mentioning of a Letter, into the next Chamber : *Peele* creepes after them in search of the event, and fastening his Eie in a Key-hole ; perceaved *Bunge* labouring to make him Cuck-old : whilst the Gentlewoman oppos'd his desires, more with a new wonder, then an old defence, as shreeces, or loud acclamations,

The *Souldier* lost his *Patience*, but with a considering *Eie* found it againe : yet so *thredbare* that he scorn'd to weare it. Therefore through the *Dores* he went : demanding him, how he durst offer his Person that disgrace ? *Bunge* knew no safer answer then a deniall : & suppos'd by these proceedings that *Peele* was some blunt Gentleman, who had lately undertaken to be her Lover. Therefore he deprives his Pocket of the Letter, and gave it her : telling him, how he knew the Gentlewoman would acknowledge him better wellcome, when she had read that.

Thus whilst he ratyr'd him selfe aside, in consideration how he might enjoy her Body, they unsealed the Letter : found that blanke, but the Paper therein enclosed, fill'd with Verses. *Peele* being loath to degenerat from

his

his Brethren of the Sword (who in this kind love to expresse more *will*, then they can *abilite*) undertooke to read them : but indeed could not in any reasonable time. And spying his own name by chance, was greedy to understand the cause of its being there, resolving to tickle *Bunge* below, because after her help was joyn'd to his, he descried the wrong, and entreated her to stay there : least *Bunge* (urging the base custom of the House for his excuse) might disgrace him for bringing her to such a Lodging. But she, poor Soul, was willing to be commanded, whilst *Bunge* at his entreaty, and promise to answer the Letter, walks with him downe the Staires. Having descended one Paire, *Bunge* entreated him to dispatch the Letter in the next Chamber : in the meane time he would goe up, and discourse with her about it : for he remembred now he was so commanded by the Gentleman that sent him. *Perlet* fingers itch'd to be at his face : but the Roome being towards the Street, agreed not with that purpose. Therefore he entreated him to visit the Celler : where (quoth he) having drunke a Health to the Gentleman, you shall goe up and commit your pleasure. The phrase lik'd him well ; so down they went. Just upon their entring into the Sellar Dore,

G

Bunge

Bung desired to be acquainted with his name that he might tell the *Vand* to whom he was so much beholding. He answered, his name was *Peel*, by profession a poor *Drummer*: as *W*^h *Bung* step'd back, whilst his *Breest* made as many *Buttons*, as he thought to have broke with drinking. His rescue (which most commonly consisted in the dexterity of his *Heel*) was bay'd from him by *Five* strong *Dores*. Therefore he pulls up his *Spirits*, even unto his *Tongue*, thinking to fright the *Drummer* with big words.

Just in such a Celler as this (quoth he) this ~~ins~~ let me for a little ~~time~~ *I*, in such a one as this, did my weak *Arm* bear *Nine* *Rogues*; that would needs enforce me to pledge my *Enemies* *Health*. The *Drummer* thought that a *fearfull* *Ly*, and presently saluted him with a *Box* upon the *Ear*, seconded that with another, which fell'd him to the *Ground* and there kille him. *Bung* scorned to resist, but cryed *Murder*! *murder*! help ho! help! The *Band* came thundering down with a brace of *Whores*, to know what the matter was. *Peel* having acquainted them with the cause that mov'd this revenge, they all cryed out, *God* the *Rogue*, *god* the *Canniball*. *Bung* applies himself once more to be rescu'd by an old *Friend* (& his *Tongue*) and begs mercy from

from them, swearing he knew not those Verses were inclosed in the Paper, which pacified the Whores: who brought him up to the Street dore, and thrusting him out, did shut it after him. Homewards he creeps with his Face muffled in his Cloak. Bearing he did never greatly love: therefore wholly dedicates his Studies, how to revenge himself on the young *Ward*, and *Peel* the *Drummer*, which afterwards he did: but Preserve the manner how to be related in the next Chapter.

CHAP. XI.

NIM takes occasion to present thy acceptance with a Character of a Whore: and bath graced his expression, by the relation of Bung's most witty revenge.

IN our way of relating Bung's revenge, I hold it requisite to passe through Turnbal-Street: and there admire (*Custom*) which is to be ignorant in Folly: Not like a handsome *Novice*: who walks by with his Eies fastned on his *Back*; prying *carelessly* who looks upon him? who beckens him in? if no body supplies that expectation, then he begins to hate his own Face, to discommend what before he *prais'd*, as purposing to *sell*, like the poor *Stallion*, his masculine beauty. No Reader; I intend to pick out from the whole rable a *whore*: and prefer her in a *Character* to thy imaginary view. If thou affect my description, thou wilt loath her: such a strange *Antipathie* bears it with its own sense, having (indeed) chosen a Subject that infects wit. Suppose where she stands in a *Red-wastcot*, that

is more out of fashion then her Face, which was made fifty years before it. No doubt she hath worn a *Gown* too: but that was when the sale of her Beauty could return the cost of it into the Bawds Purse. Talk with her, and she will bring thee into an ignorant Jealousie, or a *Jealous* suspence; who was thy Father? For she slanders all Women, to make her self appear lesse common in *comparison*: and usuallly in such ambiguous phrase, which *effeminish* policy affords: as thus. *It may be she is, it may be she is not: but alas, alas, I know what I know, i faith, yet will accuse no body.*

She is afraid to go to Church, least the Sermon might convert her: and hates the Story of a *decayed* Whore, because she affects not melancholly. Her Breath is *strong* enough to overcome thy sense of smelling, and hath already scorch'd up her Nose: which to obscure, she wears before it a green Curtain. Being naked, she seems an *intire Scabbe*; a great *proportionable Boyle*: and her Clothes being on her, look like *Plaisters*, yet this is she who heretofore did *mince* a *stolne* pace as if she scorn'd Motion: whom *Pride* did become as a full Oath doth a desperate Gallant: that *scibew'd* with a *degenerate* posture of the Chinne: tripp'd on her agill Toes like a *Kibeheel'd-Fairie*: that *shreek'd* at the drawing of a

a Knife: swooned at the sight of *fat Meat*: that affected *singularity* in *gracefull Oathes*, clipp'd the Kings *English*: and seemed *ignorant* how *rightly* to call that, which *wantonly* she *nicknam'd*. O giddy-Headed Time! that dost so delight in alteration: that hast changed the *shape* of a glorious, handsome *Curtezan*, into the *substance* of a *Fullsome*, nasty, stinking *Whore*.

But now let our relation pursue *Bunge*: who within an Hour after he was beaten, return'd unto the *Vward's* Lodging: finding him at his arrivall tickled with a mad Laughter: whilst he carried himself as altogether unsensible of any beating, and demands what motiv'd that mirth. The *Vward* mistaking the dissimulation, changed his Humour into a sadder: asking whether he had delivered the Letter to his Mistressse? no (quoth *Bung*) she was gone forth to Supper, in the company of a certain Sweet-Heart: but I left it with the *Bawde*: who told me she was to meet them at Eight of the Clock in Old Exchange, and then she would deliver it. The *Vward* suppos'd all this was true: but griev'd that the Verses were so insuccessively left in *Peel's* Lodging: yet in expectation of some accidentall merriment, he commanded him to meet him likewise in the Exchange

change at the appointed Hour. *Bung* (promising to accomplish his desires) took his leave, and went to a *Taverne*, whose back-Dore enters into *Turnball-Street*: where he wrote a Note to *Peele*; and sent it by a Drawer; accompanied with a Gallon of *Sack*. The Contents of which, desired his Friendship, and that by the Vertue of the Wine, he might be licensed presently to speak with him, where they would advise in composing of a Plot, how to be revenged upon the *Ward*.

Peel having received the Letter, and the said present, return'd him word, he was forrie for what was past; and greatly desir'd that he would presently come thither, to receive part of the Wine, and part of satisfaction. *Bung* was glad his Plot did thrive so well; went thither; and having made *Peel* promise that he would be in the *Exchange* about Eight of the Clock (to beat the *Ward*) he runnes to the *Poultry-Courier*: where he did Fee a brace of Serjeants to attend *Peel* in *Cheep-Side*, that as he came back from the *Exchange*, they might arrest him upon an Action of *Battery*.

The Hour of meeting was now at hand, and *Bung* arrived there first. But presently after him, march'd in the *Ward*, accompanied

accompanied onely with the Gentleman, (of whom we have spoken heretofore) who came thither purposely to see the new married couple. Our *vengefull*-Polititian perceiv'd now a grosse oversight, in the first contrivement of this geere. For who can suppose the *Ward* would come thither alone? or that having another Gentleman with him, he was not able to restore more Blowes, then *Peel* could give. Therefore their Backs being turn'd, *Bung* steales out of the next Gate, and runnes almost as farre as *Paules* in search of a *Porter*. At last hee hired one to flie to the *Exchange*, and to tell the Gentleman (relating to him his name, and fashion of Apparell) to come presently to the *Queene's Armes* by *Holborn-Bridge*: for there (quoth he) you must say his Brother is arriv'd very sick. The *Porter* delivered his errand effectually: and the Gentleman (without inquiring who sent that message) did take a hasty Farewell of the *Ward*. *Bung* returnes thither again, and finding him walking alone, went to him. By and by in comes *Peel*, and suddenly spied that Face, which his Fist did intend to batter: not doubting but *Bung* (according as he had promised) would assist him in the assault.

The first Blow that he bestowed upon the
Ward

Ward, did so stagger him, that for the present he was unable to resist. But *Bung* (taking a Key out of his Pocket) rewarded *Peeles* Pate with a prodigall recompence : and in the mean time the *Ward* recovered strength enough , to be his own Avenger. *Peele* felt himself betray'd to the mercy of two mercilesse Men : but stood yet stiffe to his tackling , being most pittifully maul'd with *Bung's* Key : who did not forget (neither) to lend some Seaven or Eight blowes with it, unto the *Wards* face : the which he delivered so cunningly , that the *Ward* thought they came from *Peel* ; and cry'd out murder ! swearing how *Peele* fought with a *Smith's Hammer*. He replies again (with a lowd voice) that it is nothing but a trick to excuse his own treacherie : for I my self (quoth he) have received Thirteen blowes , able to kill an Oxe. The people now came thronging on to part the Combatants. *Peel* being loath to be brought in publique examination, stole secretly away. The *Wards* Beaver Hat (bordered with Pearle , and adorn'd with a rich Hatband) lay upon the Ground : which *Bunge* (feeling with his Foot , and favour'd by the dark time of Night) convey'd into his Codpisse. The owner inquires diligently for it , and *Bung* seems

seemes more diligent in the recovery: having borrowed a Light of one that stood by him purposely to seek it, or rather to *darken* the appearance of his own *hypocritical* Theft; at last proclaims it to be lost. Thus whilst controversies are here decided by a *buſie* multitude, the poor *Drummer* (walking homewards) was arrested, and carried to the Counter. A while after the *ward*, and *Bang* were licensed to go home to their Lodgings: for the *Constable* (whom this *hurly-burly* drew thither) was contented (since the Offensive party could not be found) to commit a *wonder*, by standing to *reason*. And our *ward* in complementall gratulation, went home bare-headed.

The next Morning *Bang's* appearance was summon'd to answer that arrest which was serv'd on *Peel*. He prepares himself to prove it warrantable, but thirsting for a more full revenge, he entreats an old Friend (who was a meer stranger in *London*) to enter an Action of Debt against him (in some unknown name) for Twelve Hundred pounds; which the Knave perform'd, and within an Hour after, departed from the City. *Peel* was clear'd of the first Action by asking *Bang* forgiveness: who bought that honour with Four Shillings bestow'd upon a Justices Clerk.

Clerk. The second kept him in the Counter Five daies: untill at last (having no Adversarie to declare against him in the Court) he got his liberty: though he had payed soundly for being a Prisoner. What became of him and his Wife afterwards, I know not. But the ~~Ward~~ Face did almost with a Surgeon: for Bung's Key had batter'd it into such an ugly form, that it seem'd over after a Bug-bear to his own affection.

CHAP.

NIM complains of Bungs villanous service, intends to be rid of him; declares what himselfe hath spent since he came to London. And discourses most wittily upon a Booke of his, called; *An invective against the Plebeians, and Cittizens of London.*

Though my Man Bunge was posselt with a sudden Wit, and enrich'd with all those qualities that compose a perfect *Sharke*: yet *Custom* did operat so potently in him, that he could not choose but cosen himself: which doth impertinently marr those parts, that were bad enough before. He perswaded himself how I loved to be cheated of my Money. *O credulous Confidence!* can beleif fasten on that which *Supposition* cannot reach? t'is strange: unlesse he strove to make himselfe famous by being singular in a *new* Opinion. One morning he presented me with a counterfeit Hat-band: verily beleevving that I would pay him forty Shillings for it. I misliked the price before I knew the qualitie of the *Stuffe*; carried it to a Goldsmiths, who being

being asked whether it was worth so much, laugh'd, and told me it was Copper. Then I return'd home againe, and demanded him, wherefore he went about to cheat me? but he enquir'd, of what? I answered, of Forty Shillings. Forty Shillings (say'd he)? that's Money. Money! (replied I) what of that? *Mary* (quoth he) for money I'll cheate my owne Father if I can. A gracious Sonne! but surely his Father begot him by *stealth*, whilst the Servants coming *scar'd* him in the Action, for he was both a *Thiefe*, and a *Comard*. When I first entertain'd him (perceiving me a Stranger in the knowledge of our City fashions) he told me, that to let him goe in Cloaks lin'd with Velvet, would be much for my credit. I thank't him heartily for his care, but in the performance appeared an Heretique. Such like tricks as these made me resolve to part with him the next Quarter Day. And t'was a tardy remedy: for to tell thee the plaine truth, I had by this time (being just Ten Months since I came to *London*) consumed Six-score Poundes of my Estate; so there remained but Sixty Pounds behind: which consisted in the residue of those Jewels, that were yet unsolde. And all this proceeded through the prodigall directions of that damnable Rogue. Perhaps thou wilt admire

(considering

(considering my Purse was so shallow) how I could take so much out of it, yet never feel the Bottom, never call to mind that I dip'd not my Hand into a Fountaine. Tis true indeed, it could not ever flow, but my Hopes guided me to a flood: such a one as Jupiter made, when he showed down Gold to Danae. It encompassed a certaine Castle, which I had built in the Aire: whose foundation was layd upon a little Book (then newly finished) thinking it would have made me rich, both in Credit, and Money. But when conjectures came to the triall, the Stationer durst not buy it, alledging that I was not publicquely known to the World, and how 'tis the Authors name which makes a Book sell, not the vverth of it. Then I answered, if it were printed, I should soon be famous, and I was also contented to honour him with my *Maidenhead*. But (quoth he) I am not contented to be so honored. I doe not love to hoyst any Man high, with my own *Purse-String*, or *Scoop* to lift another up.

This Book was intituled *An invective against the Cityzens, and Plebeians of London*. It treated of *Plebeians* first by reason of the humble course of my proceedings: because I ever observed to ascend by degrees. Besides, *Judgment* being once strengthened for *ambition*

out Study, with the knowledge of *materiall* matter, easily climes to apprehend, what othervvays had binne above its reach. I could not choose but think this Booke vvould prosper, because the Subject favour'd of *Divinitie*: being made to suppress uncivill *comotions* in the one, and in the other *covetous* abuses.

The *Blebsians* did then much trouble the State, with insolent behaviour. For *Embassadors* (passing through the Streets) were rudely interrupted, pointed, and laugh'd at in ignominious contempt, besieg'd in their Houses, and founde no *Sanctuarie* in their Offices: but were almost fain to beg a life of them, who (irrationably) undervalewed it in themselves. These outrages were most commonly committed by the basest *mechanicall* sort vvho stilde themselves *Apprentices* to attract more company. When they were once sallied forth, they needed no encouragement to Action, for a rash selfe vvill did make them blind to all impediments, Unlesse thou vvilt suppose a couple scaling up a Wall, whilst another, that stands close beneath them (perceaving they have got the generall applause, and himselfe to be idle, because no *Brick-layer*) serves them with this *flattering* encouragement, *well done Jack, well done*

done Dick : by 'th Masse, you are no Cowards :
you care not two Strawes for King, nor Kings
Mate.

Now some discontented Foreigners gave
out, these Mutinies did continually revive,
by the wilfull permission of our City-Senators:
whose actions relish much of *Popular* inclina-
tion. For Authoritie, or Wealth (being but
fortunately achieved) cannot alter the consti-
tution of the Blood. Yet howsoever my
censure is more charitable : nor can any man
suppose them faulty, but in a *fearfull* conni-
vencie at the execution of strict Statutes.
Considering (likewise) they must necessarily
have compell'd them, to be under the dispo-
sure of the Law, before effectuall sentence
could passe upon them. And is there any
thing more dangerous then to encounter
with *armed*-Rebellion? especially where the
Adversarie is animated with the hope of ines-
timable Pillage? no surely. But me thinkes I
heare it alledg'd, how divers were caught, yet
went unpunished : to which I am lost in a re-
ply. For though *exemplarie*-punishment hath
somewhat in it that is unjust, and in particu-
lar to the prejudice of some : yet 't is recom-
penced by the generall good of the whole.
To deliver a *Character* of this monster multitu-
de, were but obscurely to represent unto thy
view ;

view, what themselves (unwilling to hide their own defect) doe manifestly discover. Notwithstanding, something we will say of them.

They are *parlous* in their owne vocations; and proud of that skill which is gotten meere by use, laughing at other Men with a kind of *pittyfall*-disrespect; because they are not cunning in a Facultie, which is (indeed) below the desire of knowledge. They account the Nobilitie, and Gentry, but as superficiall Creatures: Men that cannot by managing a *Sew* or *Mattock* replenish a *Double-Jugg*. No nor maintaine life by slight of hand. They hold *Schollers* to be (as it were) *Bl'oxford* Men: *unnecessary-Gutts*, that study only to grow hungry: and when they are hungry, will devoure a *plaguy deale of Meate*, or so. They runne headlong to a boisterous Action, as though affray'd lest *Consideration* might overtake them before they have begunne it. ~~But having once begunne,~~ they scorne to desist, untill the old saying be verified. *Every beginning must have an ending*. They are the Children of *Report*, compos'd of *newes*: and fed with the noyce of *alteration*. *Ten yeares Peace* doth make Coyne invisible amongst them, so that they forget the

H fashion

fashion of a Shilling. Ten yeares *Warrs* makes them call Gold, Durt, and give it the defiance. But now their Swords have binne long rusty, for want of *Spanish-Throates* to scowre them. They seeme most learned in *Vislognimie*, and make of their *Confidence & Perspective*, through which they can beholde a great Mans Heart, sci-tuated in his Face: nay though he be a Coward, and have none at all. When they are sick, they esteeme the World to be a *Buble*, a *transitorie* thing, and all men mortal. They dye of the same Religion that the King professes:

They dye of the same Religion that the King professes:

CHAP.

CHAP. XIII

NIM *rips open the Hearts of Cityzens, condemns them justly. Builds another Castle in the Ayre; and relates the pretie fashion of it.*

Londen was at that time posselt with more severall Humors, than Action could invent ways to expresse them in. High affaires seemed to succeed diversly in effect: as though manadg'd by sundry inclinations. And opulent Cityzens drew much complementall observance from the Nobilitie. I held always an *envious* Antipathy with the Sonnes of *Fortune*: therefore in that Booke accused them of divers enormities: which if I should here re-iterate I might be thought *satyricall*. Although my entent (by this Booke) is to destroy that Humor in others. Wherefore thou shalt only participate of this my Description. They are exceeding *covetous*; and the Sinne is in them so *naturall*, so *doatingly* affected, that they neglect all

modest forme to hide it from a publique
 observation : excusing it to their Consci-
 ences with a *fearfull* probabilitie of
 Warr. They never feele *ease*, but in *Labour*
 and *trouble*. Those that are rich strive to
Gentiline their Female Off-spring : but
 evermore pay for that ambition. As
wealth exalts them into Office, so they
 discharge it with their *Purses*, not with
 their Braines. Authoritie (though in a low
 degree) heaves their Heartes into their
 Mouthes : for they will vent their
 Thoughts, as if their Lips were opened
 by a *Priviledge* : perusing the actions of
 the King with a *sawcy-comment*, and disco-
 ver a great desire to mould his Affection
 in their owne dispose : though (indeed)
 they weigh *worth*, like *Gold*, in a payer of
 Scales : where the *lightest* peece *ascends*, but
 the heaviest (which is the best) remaines
 below. The politique reason why they
 love Peace, is, because they hate to *buy* a
 Warr. They despise Warr because t'is
 good sleeping in a whole Skinne. Besides
 they are not valiant, even to the *Fourth*
 degree of Comparison, (that is *desperate*) ;
 for they weare their Hearts in their Pur-
 ses, like *Cowards*, who going to fight, car-
 rie their *Ransoms* in their Pockets. They
 always

alwayes professe themselves poore, because t'is a *chargeable-glory* to be rich in the Kings Bookes. Their Religion is weake in effect, and strong in forme: depending much on *Custom*, more on *Superstition*, and most of all on *Zeale*. But t'is a *politique* Zeale: such as preserves Government more then Religion. Or rather an *exemplarie* Zeale; that doth beget, and warme *Faith* in others, but heates not their owne Soules. Now though our opinion is more *logically* maintain'd; in that we do not argue from *particulars*, but make a *generall* accusation: yet know (Reader) there have binne many *Cittizens*, whose Virtue lends some lusture to their posteritie. Notwithstanding I averr the Virtue of a good *Cittizen*, differeth very much from the Virtue of a good *Man*. For the one useth all virtues agreeable with a pure godly life: the other observes only the Lawes, which were made to preserve civill commoditie.

But t'is time now that I returne unto my selfe. One Morning (lying in the Bed) I fell deeply to consider, how I might accrue profit by the disbursement of my Ffry Poundes. At last (according to my old Custom) I built another Castle in

the Aire: laying the Foundation on my Face, and proper Person. But the substance of it, was to furnish my self with rich Apparell: and afterwards assault the disposition of some *Wealthy Lady*. For my Man *Bung* had often told me, that divers Gentlemen (whom he knew) were bravely maintained by their *Mistresses*. O such fruitfull Land did I desire to till ! which makes *Labour* a delightfull sport, and requites *ease* with Gold. As for Divinity, I would not think on it, lest it should make me melancholy. Besides (like a damn'd *Rogue*) I held *Whoredome* to be the holiest Sinne that is: because *Repentance* ceaseth on the Heart, presently after it is committed.

Now, art thou strangely desirous to know the manner of my proceedings? to understand in what kind I did shape this purposed adventure? I'll tell thee: but first prepare to admire my Capacity, for thy knowledge never owned such a par-
lous Plot before. Which was, that I should go to see a Play in *Black-Fryars*: and there (by all necessary consequences, or rather inspired assurance) some rich Lady would cast her Eie on me, and the same night me on her. Be not thou astonish'd
Reader

Reader, neither suppose it impossible that Nature can be so opulent, or he that is mortall, possesse such a strong Brain. For (alass Man!) heretofore I was as full of these learned-Stratagems, as an Egge is full of meat.

Fifty Pounds accoutred me from Top to Toe: having been very thrifty in laying out my Money, and carefull to refuse *Bunges* advice, for he brought me a *Taylor*, whom Custome had made to steale from himself. A Slave that the Devill durst not trust with his old Clothes; no, though he might gaine his Soul in lue of the Theft.

Thus like a true *English-man* (who wears his Mother too much in his Apparell) I enter'd the *Theater*, and sat upon the Stage: making low Congies to divers Gentlemen; not that I knew them, but I was confident, they would requite me in the same kinde: which made the Spectators suppose us of very olde, and familiar acquaintance. Besides (that I might appear no *Novice*) I observ'd all fashionable Customes; As delivering my Sute to a more apparant view, by hanging the Cloak upon one Shoulder: or letting it fall (as it were) by chance. I stood

up also at the end of every *Act*, to salute those, whom I never saw before. Two *Acts* were finished before I could discover any thing, either for my Comfort then, or worth my relation now. Unlesse it were *puncyall* absurdity in a Country-Gentleman: who was so caught with the naturall action of a Youth (that represented a ravish'd Lady) as he swore aloud, he would not sleep untill he had killed her ravisher: and how 'twas not fit such Rogues should live in a Commonwealth. This made me laugh, but not merry.

Anon after, I spied a Gentlewomans Eie, fix'd full upon me. Hope and Despaire threw me into such Distractions, that I was about to bid a Boy (who personated *Cupid* in the Play) to shoot at her with his counterfeited Arrow. But she presently disclaimed me her Object: and with the like inconstancy gaz'd upon another. About the beginning of the Fourth *Act*, my Face withstood a fresh encounter, given me by a Ladies Eie, whose Seate opposed mine. She look'd stedfast on me, till the Play ended; seeming to survey my Limbs with amorous curiosity: whilst I advanced them all, to encounter

ter her approbation. A great desire I had to see her Face: which she discovered, by unmasking it to take her leave of a Gentleman. But if ever I beheld one so ill-favour'd? do thou abhorre my Book. She look'd like *December*, in the midst of *April*, old and crabbed in her Youth. Her Nose stood towards the *South-East* point: and *Snot* had fretted a preposterous *Channel* in the most remote corner of her Lip. Sure she was chaste, *chaste* because *deformed*: and her *deformitie* (repugnant to the common course of *Nature*) might beget that *Chastitie*: but in whom? in others, not in her self; unlessse *Necessitie* did force it. For no doubt she would be as lecherous as the *Mountaine-Goate*, had not *Natures* qualmishnesse proved a strong contradiction to her desire: who heaved the Gorge, at her *imperfect* perfecting; therefore had no Stomach to make a Man fitting her embracements. Yet she wore *Jewells*, for the which I could willingly have kiss'd her in the *dark*. And perhaps too (by *gilded* provocation) supplied the Office of a Husband.

Her uglinessse made me suppose that nothing could be too base for her acceptance: therefore I (following her
down

down the Staires) resolved to discover a good-will to her, either by a wanton gesture of my Body, or whispering in her Ear just as she came forth into the Street, (her Usher being step'd aside to complement with parting Company) I proffer'd my service to attend her home, if she missed any of her Friends. She suspecting that I thought her to be a Whore, told me aloud I was much mistaken. Her Brother (unknown to me) stood behind us, and asked her; what the matter was? *Marry*, (quoth she) this Gentleman takes me for some common Creature. He with all violent dexterity stricke me on the Face; and afterwards went about to draw his Sword. But I slunk through the presse of people, and very *tamely* conveyed my selfe home. My Man *Bunge* (who attended there all the Play-time, to save charges) saw this: and heard the *Young-Gallant* swear (after I was gone) if ever he met me, he would make my Heart the *Scabbard* of his Sword. These woful tydings hee brought to my Chamber, so that my costly *Experiment* was now concluded, and my glorious Garments altogether uselesse. For I durst not visit *Theaters* any more, lest I should meet

meete with him , or Women elsewhere, as fearfull of the like entertainment.

CH AP. XIII.

NIM mentions his proceedings against some of the Nobilitie, and what successe he had: afterwards (in a Pamphlet) discovers all the defects of his owne penning: sends Bunge to sell it, whose bad adventures mooves him to rayle on Fate.

Tush ! hang up *Sadnesse* ! as a thing (indeed) only fit for the Gallows, whereto each condemn'd *Thiefe*, brings as little as he can, least it might deprive him of a minutes life, so cheate the *Hangman* of his Fee. There remained a way as yet untroden on; a *high-way* too: thou apprehendst me Reader: My *Pen* never had to doe with the *Nobilitie*, whereof one was most eminent in high favor, so consequently in vulgar Hate. For vulgar hatred proceeds

ceeds from *Envy*. Him, and all his Kindred did I make progresse through *Fidlers* Noses : but in Songs of such fortunate composure, as in halfe a *Term* made a whole Consort *Usurers*. *Bunge* by dispersing Nine, gathered together Five and Thirty Shillings. Five he retained for swearing to his dull Chapmen, they were well pen'd; the rest I receav'd with great joy, being the first time I sold my Wit for Money.

These Songs were seasond with bitter accusation, and not in such *hypocriticall* phrase, as doth disguise Sense from common Capacities, but stult with *immodest* bluntnesse. Enquire not what ground I had for this action, since there was so little that I beg thou wouldst not stand upon't : and apprehend Reader (by way of secrecy) that *Satyrist*s (like *Doggs*) barke most at Men they know not : the reason lurks in Nature. *Report* is their chiefe *Intelligencer* : therefore their accusation never singles out Vice in any particular Man, but observing the complexion and qualitie of the persons make their generall aime at what is most probable to be hitten. This project was as short liv'd as my other : for arriving at his Eare
(whom

(whom they too much concern'd) the *Fiddlers* were sent to Prison, where they sung like Birds in Cages, to the tune of *fall dumps* ! and *Bunge* (who was pursu'd by a Warrant) play'd least in sight.

Invention was never barren, when it coupled with *Necessitie*. In two Weekes space I finished a little Pamphlet, that treated of *English Oratory*; collecting all the defects, in my owne Works, which after I had derided, were expos'd to publique laughter. Amongst the rest I acknowledg'd an *affectation* in phrase; where Nature (confident of her owne abilities) too much despised Art. The Second was that in my inserted Tales (which overswiftly pursued one another) I sometimes lost the materiall relation, by finding Jeasts. Thirdly I accus'd my *Parenthesis* of multiplicirie and length; which troubled the Reader to joyne the divided sense, and recover his own breath.

Late after Supper I commanded *Bunge* to carry it unto a *Stationer*, and name some other Author, whose authoritie might advantage the sale. He marches to the Shop, and Fathers it on a great *Divine*, who in his Youth, begot many of like complexion: and as bad luck would have it (being newly

ly come from the Country) enterd there to buy Bookes. The *Stationer* wellcom'd him, saying; I hope you will be more reasonable then your Man, in the price of this Pamphlet, considering the poore bargaine I had of the last. What Man? what Pamphlet, quoth the Doctor? *Bunge* (whose apprehension was as quick as his Feet) left them to admire at his cheating enterprize: ran up *Saint Martins-Lane*, and from thence to little *Brittaine*: where he proffer'd it to another, for Three Pounds, but return'd home loaden with an old answer; that their Shops were too full of such triviall stuffe. A truth potent o're belief! For every *Coxcombe* that hath so much *unfortunate* wit, to know his own imperfections, will give Money to have them printed.

But O insupportable misery! can I thrive in no course? what rigled *Fusse*; dry-dugg'd, mangy Witch, produc't me from the Womb vvith horrid imprecations? what sinister *Planet* govern'd at my Nativity? O *Fortune*! thou Whore! thou Bitch! more fickle then *Inconstancy*! whose *Alm'ner* is the Southern Wind, whose Wheele is made of a Womans *Brain-Pan*. Though I had been born a Monster, left a Begger;

Begger; yet shap'd so ugly as might fright
Compassion from coming near me with
 her *Almes*: doom'd to grow old in misery,
 to live till *Time* had made me a *second*
Cripple; who knowes but kind *Necessity*
 would have turn'd to *Patience* in me: but
 here *Patience* must become a *Miracle*: Since
 I am discarded where probability crown'd
 my *Hopes*, and might seduce *unbelief* her
 self, to *confidence*.

CHAP.

CHAP. XV.

NIM's Hostesse denies to trust him, he
 fasts two Daies, pawns his Clothes,
 then resolving to part with Bunge,
 sends for him to a Taverne, and gives
 him learned Counsell; but after Bunges
 replie, he doth change his minde and
 returnes with him to his Patrons Heir,
 promising (on a smooth con-
 dition) to blesse this Booke
 with a second Part.

Costly experiments, and Bunges atten-
 dance had so impoverished my Purse,
 that I wanted to supply my Stomack. I
 did owe my Hostesse also for a Months
 diet; which sayling to pay (according to
 my promise) and she perceaving I had
 few visits from City Friends, urg'd her to
 say one Morning, she would trust me no
 longer So that my last refuge consisted in
 pawing my Clothes, which my Childish
 disposition (never made impudent by
 want) durst not attempt. Halfe an Houre
 before

before Dinner, and Supper, I sent *Bunge* upon some frivolous errant: in the meane time slunke forth, walk'd out a Meale, and returned picking my Teeth, hoping to invent a shift lesse disgracefull. But two dayes fasting, and his grim looks at home, made me weary of such modesty: so that at Night (when there was no body within but a little Boy) I ran to *Charter House-lane*: where I walk'd to and fro, by a *Broakers* Shope, halfe an Houre, before Cowardly reputation would suffer me to enter. At last in I went: and desired the the *Broaker*, his Man might goe home with me to fetch Two Sutes of Apparell. He granted my request, and the things being packed up before, we soone returnd, but could not borrow above Eightteene poundes, upon that which cost me Fifty: whereof Twelve Shillings they took back for registering.

Thus my Heart being somewhat lightned by the weight of my Purse, I went to a Taverne that was neere my Lodging, and sent a *Drawer* home to attend *Bunge's* arrivall; that he might fetch him, purposing now to dismisse his service, accompany the next Wind to *Gelderland*, and there serve in *Garrison*. I satisfied my Hunger, with *Cerberus* his Diet

(Sopps) which being made of rich Sack halfe fox'd me before he came. So soone as he had enter'd the Roome he swore himselfe out of breath. I demanded the cause, Why Sir (quoth he) is the Ayre food for Men? or did you suppose me a *Chamelion*? I excus'd all by urging his owne Language, for he told me once: it was the fashion for *Servungmen* to disburse Money for their diet, and require it when their Masters *Exchequer* was able to repay. So having commanded a Gallon of Wine, and the *Drawers* absence, I had him sit, drink, and expect alteration. By that time I had shar'd halfe the Wine, a strange humor possess'd my Brain; and begot rare *imaginations*! such as fool'd *Dan-Quixot*, uttering in a lamentable veine this high and mighty sense.

O Bunge! my Brest hath entertain'd new Tennants since first I own'd thy service, *Thoughts* of too tall a stature, such as scorn'd those humble Roofs, which the plaine Country held as gawdy fashion, therefore went from me to change their Mansions: but returne maimed, able in nothing, unlesse to affirme the Proverb; *Pride will have a fall*. Know *Olive*! I am made an experiment by cruell Fate, to trie within a Haires breatch the sufferance of man

a Man, cross'd in all designs with strange prevention. Thou art of disposition quick, and subtile, and hast discern'd the World with a discreet Eie. Thy *Experience* is of a full Age, and must be now thy Master, thou no more my Servant. This health to thy good Fortunes---There's thy Wages; due since the last Quarter: which with some advice (sent from my love) is all I can bestow.

When thou thinkst upon thy poore fortunes, compare them with a meaner Mans: for so thou mayst lessen in thy selfe the greatnesse of an other, and by that aggravate thine own. The *Plebeian* whose naturall Spirit is humbled with a coorse Prentiship, strives for a *mastership* though it be only of his Trade. Doe not enrich thy selfe with a *bawdy*-industry, nor occasion thy Masters folly by thy apt presentment of it. Sooth him not in's drinke; nor by admiring his unconquer'd lookes, tell him t'is a *handsome* Vice. Strive to make him more acquainted with thy privacy, then thy selfe with his secrets. Be not impudent in jeasting, for that cheats thy Wit of her reward nor procuring laughter, but *derision*: though the first be the true applause. Be not proude, for *Time* doth infect the owner of that Sinne with such

such an ignorance, that he shall scarce know himselfe. The *gamy* Servant beggers his Purse, to make his Masters rich: for *Fashion*, and comely thrift, bids a plain Cloake usher a golden *Livory*. Buy not the envy of thy Fellowes, with his favour: nor lose it by presuming on't. Let not the poore Tennant observe thee as his Landlords Heir; whilst thou with a sawcy distance of lame state, strengthnest his credulitie. Be honest in all things, for so thou mayst live, to bestow this counsell on a Servant of thy owne, and end thy dayes in peace. When thou shalt chance to talke of me hereafter, cleanse my *Fame* with hiding those defects, that shew me humane, and my *Fortune* blind. Goe, be happy.

All this while he was a greedy Auditor, but perceaving me about to take my *ultimum Vale*, steps up and replies thus. Sir, we are so tender of our outward credit, that *Necessitie* is never discover'd, untill it discovers it selfe, I meane thorough the Ellbowes: but yours is not so little as to escape my sight, I understood the cause why you imploy'd me about impertinent errants: though you exprest small charitie, and lesse *Physick*, to prescribe walking for an empty Stomack, when no satisfaction

in meate, wellcom'd my returne. Neither was my fearfull Experience (feeling even now the lightnesse of your Trunke) ignorant how, and where it had forsooke its weight. The tract and course of povertie I have often traced, and know she is most undone in her reliefe. A pox upon your grave counsell ! which is fram'd as though proceeding from a beggerly *Patriarke*. No advice is worthy of acceptance, but what accompanies a liberall Hand : 't is Money that makes a man able to keepe it. You direct me how to behave my selfe in service, when I have no Master : an enterprise weake and Childish ; just like your actions, since you became a *Londoner* : which if presented to the World in History, would beget more laughter then esteem. Come if you will seaze on my advice, add unto your Money Fifty Pounds : furnish me for a journey to the Court : where, by Wit, I will get relation to some Man of Ranke : grow a prompt *intelligencer* ; and make you a *Satyrift*. Such a one as Kings with *flatterie* shall be glad to silence. A plague on all beggarly occupations ! I affect them not.

Now Reader, judge thou whether this Rogue was not able to seduce a Novice. I could sooner eate Iron then part with him:
but

but the next Morning, we sat in consultation how to get this Money. At last it was resolv'd I should counterfeit my selfe to be lately Knighted, and he ride with me to my *Patrons* Heir: adding on all occasions *Sir*, unto my Christian-name. But stay awhile, and let thy memory returne, unto the last part of our Fourth Chapter: where I threatned to make my acquaintance costly unto a Clothier; that overtook me on the high-way. He often visited my Lodging, and now I requited him by borrowing his *Gelding* (worth Fourteene poundes) to take the ayre as far as *Fullham* but indeed detain'd him a longer Journey, and bought a Nagg for my Man *Bunge*. I riding like a *Knight-errant*.

But how my *Patron's* Heir entertain'd me, when I return'd, and all the rest of my occurrences, I am resolv'd to publish with great care, and industry. Which if you ever meane to see, invoke the powers above, that what's already written may take him, whose acceptance makes my labor, ease: whose command (by I wot not what instinct) ties my Soule to a more *delightfull* service, then either *Gain*, or popular applause.

FINIS.



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